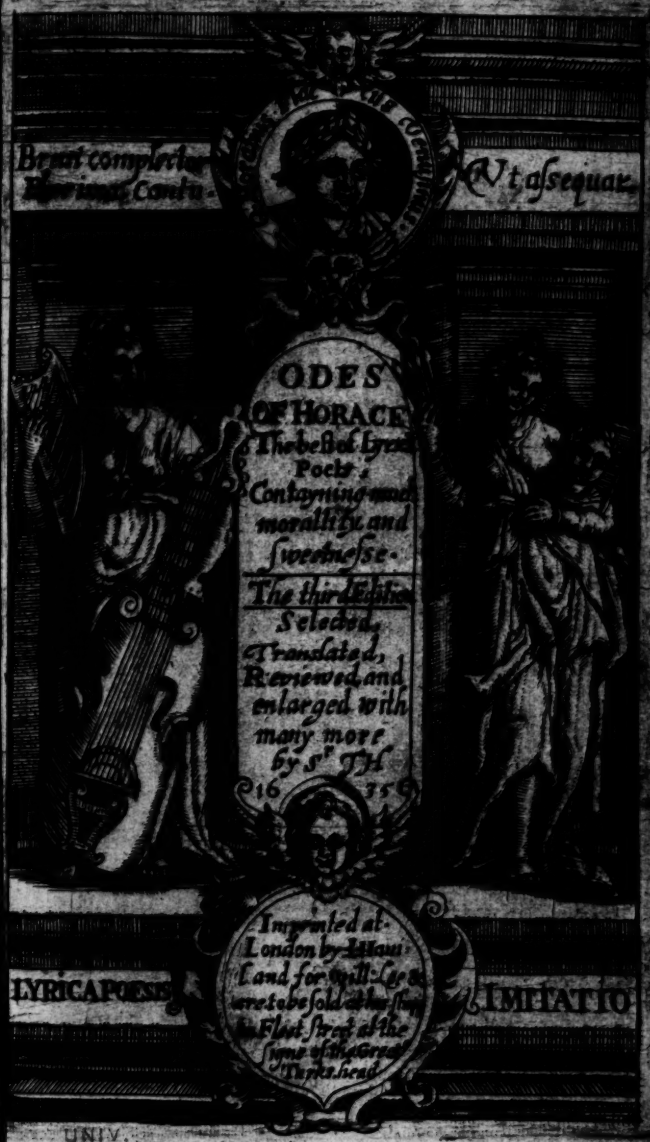

UNIV.
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88;02

ODES OF Horace.

Syn. 8. 63. 126

THE BEST OF Lyrick Poets.

Containing much moralitie and ſweetneſſe.

The third Edition.

Selected, tranſlated, reviewed, and enlarged with many more,

By Sr. *T. H.*

UNIV. LIB. CAMB.

LONDON,
Printed by *John Haviland* for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Turks Head in Fleet-ſtreet. 1635.

88; 02

To the Reader.

FRiendly, and generous Reader, I present not Horace to thee in his native lustre, nor language. Take these rather (if so thou please) for a reflection from that brighter body of his living Odes. Behold in them Moralitie touched and vertue heightned with clearenesse of Spirit and accuratenesse of Judgement. These have I selected amongst many; not with desire to prescribe the same choyce to others, as a Rule; nor yet with any diffidence in mine owne election. Abundat quisque suo sensu. When in a Garden we gather a Coronet of Flowers, wee intend not the totall beautie of that faire peece of Prospective, but particular ornament, and intermingled delight. These supply both. But many (no doubt) will say, Horace is by mee forsaken, his Lyrick softnesse, and Emphaticall Muse maimed: That in all there is a generall defection from his genuine Harmony. Those I must tell, I have in this Translation, rather sought his Spirit, than Numbers; yet the Musike of verse not neglected neither, since the English Eare better heareth the Distich, and findeth that sweetnesse, which the

Latine affecteth, and (queſtionleſſe) attaineth in Saphick, or Iambick Meaſures. Some will urge againe, why were not theſe wreathes of Morall, and ſerious Odes for the more varietie, and generall entertainment of moſt, mixed with his wanton, and looſer ſtraines of Poeſie? Theſe I anſwer, and with it conclude. The Tranſlator of theſe had rather ſhew vertue to the modeſt, than diſcover vice to the diſſolute. The ſtreames of Helicon are cleare, and Chryſtalline. Drink thou goodneſſe from theſe purer Fountaines, whilſt ſuch take unhappie draughts, from the troubled and muddie waters of Senſualitie.

To the Translatour.

WHat shall I first commend? your happy choyce
Of this most usefull Poet? Or your skill
To make the Eccho equall with the voyce,
And trace the lines drawne by the Authors quill?
The Latine Writers by unlearned hands
In forraine robes unwillingly are dreſt,
But thus invited into other Lands,
Are glad to change their tongue at ſuch requeſt.
The good, which in our mindes their labours breed,
Layes open to their Fame a larger way:
Theſe ſtrangers, England with rich plentie feed,
Which with our Countreyes freedome we repay:
When ſitting in pure language, like a Throne,
They prove as great with us, as with their owne.

Iohn Beaumont Bar.

In fideliſſimum Horatii interpretem *T. H.* Equitem Auratum.

ANglia nunc Muſis dominatur; Horatius Anglis
Lætatur. Lyrico victaque Roma ſuo eſt.
Talia, linguarum dominam mirabere poſſe
Dicere; non magis eſt, hæc potuiſſe rudem?
Flaccus mutatur, remanet ſed candor in illo;
Plumeus, in doctas, concidit imber aquas.
Sic tibi gentis honos, noſtræ tibi debita linguæ
Gloria; & Angliaca laurea vitta coma.

F. L. Eq. Aur.

To his worthy friend, Sr. T. H. Knight, upon his Translation.

WHil'ſt to thy Tune the Lyrick Poet ſings,
And takes new Graces from thy tuned ſtrings;
Behold, whole Quires of Muſes ready ſtand,
To beg like favour at thy curious hand.
Who would not joyne with them, and move the ſame,
That ſees this One ſo happie in thy Name.
Wee whom the Romans held for dull, and weake,
Now teach their beſt of Poets how to ſpeake.
They need not lay to thee, the want of skill
Of Muſique, or of Muſes, hee that will
May heare them both expreſſ'd by thee, in veines
Equall, if not beyond the Roman ſtraines.

G. Forteſcue.

To my Noble friend Sr. T. H. Knight: An Ode in pure Iambick feet.

I Knew before thy daintie touch
Upon the Lordly violl,
But of thy Lyre, who knew ſo much
Before this happie triall?
So tuned is thy ſacred Harp,
To make her Eccho ſweetly ſharp.

I wote not how to praiſe enough
Thy Muſique, and thy Muſes:
Thy Gloſſe ſo ſmooth, the Text ſo tough,
Be Judge who both peruſes.
Thy choyce of Odes is alſo chaſte,
No want it hath, it hath no waſte.

A grace

A grace it is for any Knight,
A ſtately Steed to ſtable:
But unto *Pegaſus* the light,
Is any comparable?
No Courſer of ſo comely corſe,
Was ever as the winged Horſe.

That *Aſtrophill*, of Arts the Life, Sr. *Phil. Sidney*
A Knight was and a Poet:
So was the man who tooke to wife Sr. *Geof. Chaucer*.
The Daughter of *La-Roët*.
So thou that haſt reſerv'd a part,
To rouze my *Iohnſon*, and his Art.

Receive the while my lowly verſe,
To wait upon thy Muſes;
Who cannot halfe thy worth rehearſe,
My braine that height refuſes.
Beneath thy meed is all my prayſe,
That askes a Crowne of holy Bayes.

Hugh Holland.

In laudem Authoris
Oda,
In qua verſiones nonnullæ ab eodem factæ prænotantur.

Qualis ſonoro volvitur alveo
Vernis Hydaſpes *imbribus intumens,*
Ripæque debellator undas
Per teneras rapit amnis herbas.

Horatiano talis ab æquore
Linguæ decorus flumine patriæ
Manas, & inspiras amorem
Cordibus, imperio camenæ.
Seu cantu avitis Regibus editum
Heroa promis: seu violentius
Vndas retorquentem minacis
Tybridos in dominam Orbis urbem
Cantas Etrusci littoris aggerem:
Vitæ ipse purus, seu canis integrum;
Raptumque non deduci ab Orco
Quintilium lachrymis perurges.
Per te Dianam dicere virgines
Novere Divam, quæ regit Antium
Eheu! Quid urges in Britannos
Cæsareis comitem ire turmis?
Nunc quaris auro quis color abdito.
Nunc mentis ornas æquanimæ fidem.
Nunc Mystis extincti calores
Pieriis moderaris undis.
Tandem beato ruris in otio
Laudas agentes. His tibi sæcula
Post mille duraturum, & ultra
Carminibus monumentum adornas.

Mæcenas, Atavis, &c. Jam satis terris.

Integer vitæ, &c. Quis desiderio, &c. Dianam teneræ, &c. O Diva gratum, &c. Nullus argento, &c. Æquā memento, &c. Non semper imbres, &c. Beatus ille, &c. Exegi monumentum, &c.

G. D.

Hendecasyllabon in laudem Authoris.

Concinnæ, pariles, lyræque justæ,
Chordis æquanimes, paresque chordis,
Naturæ dociles sonare lege,
Et nervo parili sonare nervo,
Sunt Flacco similes, tibique (vates)
Qui transfers, resonas, sonumque Flacci
Reddis dissimili, parique voce.

Quam

Quam primùm facilis chelys sonoræ
Pervurrit digitus, feritque chordas,
Tam voces itidem pares sonanti
Refert, atque Fidi fides sonanti
Vibratum geminat, refertque vocem.
Sic Flacci resonas, refersque vocem,
Reddis dissimilem, paremque vocem.
Quam per chordа chelys, chelysque chordæ
Et quam fida Fidi fides sonoræ;
Quam sincera fides utriusque nervi,
Tam nervosa fides tuæ Camenæ,
Tam sincera fides tuæ Camenæ
Vates singula qui refers fidelis.

E. M.

V. Cl. T. H. Equiti Aurato, Suo.

ANglia Romani jam prodit Musa leporis
Æmula, nec captis excidit illa suis.
Quam sibi Narcisso similis Narcissus in undis,
Tam similis nostras (Flacce) poeta tibi.
Quam similis linguæ redeuntis vocibus Echo
Permeat æthereas, Nimpha canora, plagas,
Tam similis Lyricæ respondet nostra Camenæ,
Romanumque melos Anglica plectra movent.
Romanas tenuit Romanus Horatius aures,
Nunc Anglas Anglus non tenet ille minùs.
Nam quod dulce sonat Romanis Appula Musa,
Hoc resonas Anglis Cantia Musa tuis.

I. Chapperlinus.

READer, this * Afferisce will direct thee to the Odes newly inserted in this third Edition.

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber primus.

ODA I.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

Alios alia delectant, Horatius verò Poëtæ nomen præsertim Lyrici affectat.

MÆCENAS, atavis edite regibus,
O, & præsidium & dulce decus meum:
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat: metâque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmâque nobilis
Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus:
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quicquid de Libycis verritur areis,
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus

ODES

ODES OF *Horace.*

UNIV. LIB. CAMB.

The first Booke.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

All things please not all men. Horace *most especially affecteth the name of a Lyrick Poet.*

MÆcenas, sprung from Grandsire-Kings descent,
O, my Defence, and sweetest Ornament:
There are, who in their Chariots speedy flight,
To raise Olympique dust doe take delight:
To whom, when with chas'd wheeles the Goale's declin'd
For Conquest's meed, is stile of Gods assign'd.
This man, if wavering Citizens contend,
His worth, with three-fold honours to commend:
That other, if he in his Granier stores
What ever hath beene swept from Lybian flores,
From painfull tillage, and the Countrey's love,
The wealth of *Attalus* can never move

Nunquam

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium, & oppidi
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Iove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor:
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis: me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo: si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quòd si me Lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Ode II.

Ad Avgvstvm Cæsarem.

In vindictam Iulii Cæsaris occisi multæ tempestates Po. Romano immittuntur. Unica Imperii spes in Augusti incolumitate constituitur.

Iam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater: & rubente

Him

Him as a Mariner feareſull of loſſe,
With Cyprian Barke Myrtoan Seas to croſſe.
When South-weſt winds, Icarian billowes raiſe,
The Merchant Reſt, and Countrey Grange doth praiſe:
Straight his torne veſſell he repaires againe,
The force of want unable to ſuſtaine.
Some others uſe, old Maſſique wines to ply,
Nor from the day ſome part to take deny;
Now, ſeeking under Arbut's ſhade to cling,
Now, neere the ſoft head of ſome gentle ſpring.
In Tents and Trumpet's Eecho ſome delight,
Mix't with the Flute, and wars that mothers fright.
In fields the Hunter on the coldeſt day
Forgetfull of his tender wife doth ſtay:
Whither his faithfull dogs have view'd the Hinde,
Or, Marſyan Bore ruſh th'row the toyles untwin'de.
Me, Ivie the reward for learned Browes
A place, among ſupernall Gods allowes:
Light Quires of Wood-Nymphs, that with Satyres bide,
And ſhady groves, from vulgars me divide:
If ſo *Euterpe* doth my Muſe inſpire,
And *Polyhimne* tune my Lesbian wire:
But let me ſtand a Lyrick 'mongſt the reſt,
I'le ſtrike the ſtarrie vault with raiſed creſt.

Ode II.

To Avgvstvs Cæsar.

Many ſtormes are powred upon the people of Rome, in revenge of Iulius Cæſar *ſlaine. The only hope of the Empire conſiſteth in the ſafetie of* Auguſtus.

NOw, *Iove* hath charg'd the Earth below
With ſtore of direfull haile and ſnow:

Dextra

Dextra ſacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem:

Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ, nova monſtra queſtæ,
Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos
Viſere montes:

Piſcium & ſumma genus hæſit ulmo,
Nota quæ ſedes fuerat columbis:
Et ſuper jecto pavidæ natarunt
Æquore damæ.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etruſco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Veſtæ:

Iliæ dum ſe nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem: vagus, & ſiniſtra
Labitur ripa (Iove non probante) Uxorius amnis.

Audiet civet acuiſſe ferrum,
Quo graves Perſæ melius perirent:
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

Quem vocet divûm populus ruentis
Imperi rebus? prece qua fatigent
Virgines ſanctæ minùs audientem
Carmina Veſtam?

Cui dabit partes ſcelus expiandi
Jupiter? tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo.

Who

Who shaking Towers with fierie hand,
Affrighted made the Citie stand.

He Nations scar'd, left *Pirrha's* traigne
New monsters should produce againe;
As earst when *Proteus* drave his flock,
To feed on Cliffe of steepie rock:

Then to the Elmes top Fishes clave,
Which Turtles us'd for seat to have,
And Does by Nature fearefull, tride
To passe the Oceans stormie tide.

Our eyes have yellow Tybers flood
Beheld, by Tyrrhen shores withstood,
With violence run downe to beat
The tombs of Kings, and *Vesta's* seat.

Whilst the uxorious River sweares
Revenge, to moodie *Ilia's* teares,
And 'gainst *Joves* will with wandring waves,
Vpon the left bank fiercely raves.

Youth, much impair'd through Parents crimes,
Shall heare, swords in embroyled times
Were sharpned, which should better far
Have slaine fierce Persians in the war.

To what God shall we vowes assigne,
Now, that our state-affaires decline?
What prayer shall holy Virgin Saints
To *Vesta* yeeld, made deafe to plaints?

To whom shall *Jove* the power dispence
Of expiating our offence?
(Divining *Phabus*) come we pray,
Whose shoulders white the clouds array?

Sive tu mavis Erycina ridens,
Quam locus circumvolat, & Cupido,
Sive neglectum genus, & nepotes
Respicis auctor.

Heu nimis longo satiate ludo:
Quem juvat clamor, galeæque lævæ,
Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem.

Sive mutata juvenem figura,
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
Cæsaris ultor:

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus inter sis populo Quirini:
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura

Tollat. Hic magnos potius triumphos,
Hic ames dici pater, atque princeps:
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
Te Duce, Cæsar.

Ode III.

Navi Virgilium Athenas vehenti incolumitatem precatur. Deinde in hominum temeritatem audaciamque vehementer insurgit.

Sic te, diva potens Cypri
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Attica

Ov,

Or, if thou please (smooth *Venus*) hie,
'Bout whom Disport and Pleasures flie;
Or founder *Mars*, if stock, or Kin
Thou lov'st, which have neglected been.

O thou that cloyed art with fight,
Whom shouts and glitt'ring Helmes delight:
And Mauritanian's visage bold,
When his sterne Foe he doth behold.

Or, mayst thou (gentle *Maia's* Son)
With winged speed be hither won;
Augustus figure ta'ne on thee,
Cæsars revengefull friend to be.

Oh, mayst thou (late) to Heav'n retire:
Be present long to Rome's desire:
Nor may the speedy blast of Time,
Take thee offended with our Crime.

Here Triumphs seeke, and lasting Fame,
Instil'd with Prince, and Father's name:
Nor suffer (*Cæsar*) Thou our Guide,
The Medians unreveng'd to ride.

Ode III.

He wisheth safe passage to the ship, bearing Virgil *to Athens. Then, hee vehemently inveigheth against the boldnesse and rashnesse of many.*

SO, may the powerfull Cyprian Queene,
And Brother-stars, that bright are seene;
So, may the God who rules the wind,
They all but *Zephirus* confin'd,
Guide thee (O ship) for *Virgil's* sake,
Whose safetie thou in trust did'st take:

Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, &
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
AVDAX omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit:
Post ignem ætheria domo
Subductum, macies & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors:
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum est.
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ: neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

Set

Set him on Attique shores in health,
And save my soules divided wealth.
His stout heart was with brasse enclos'd,
Who first of all fraile Bark expos'd
To boystrous seas; nor fear'd his life
In South-west stormes, and North-winds strife;
When Hyades with clouds oppress,
Or raging South did most infest:
(Than which to raise stormes, or appease,
None have more power in th'Adrian Seas.)
What Death can daunt his heart with feares,
Who floting monsters flee from teares;
Who swolne Seas viewes, and manly bold
Dares rough Ceraunian rocks behold?
In vaine wise God did Earth denie
The Oceans strict societie,
If yet mischievous ships assay,
O're desperate shelves to make their way.
"Man, bold t'encounter all events,
"To passe forbidden wayes attempts.
By Guilefull Art *Promethens* wrought,
That he stolne fire to mortals brought,
Which ta'ne from Heaven, barren dearth
With troopes of feavers cloy'd the Earth:
And slow Necessitie of Fate,
Did Death's soft pace precipitate.
Rash *Dedalus* the aire hath tri'd
With feath'red wing, to man deni'd.
Herculean labours Hell unbarr'd.
"Nothing to mortall man seemes hard.
Nay, Heaven it selfe is not exempt,
From folly of our rash attempt:
Nor suffer we, through sins excesse,
That *Iove* his thunders rage represse.

Ode XI.

Ad Leuconem.

Hortatur Leuconoën omissâ futurorum curâ, voluptati indulgere, argumento à vitæ brevitate & celeritate ducto.

Tv nè quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem di dederint, Leuconoë: nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros, ut melius quicquid erit pati
(Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Iupiter ultimam:
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum) sapias, vina liques: & spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces, dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.

Ode XII.

Ad Avgvstvm.

Collaudatis diis, heroibus, virisque aliquot claris, tandem ad divinas Augusti laudes descendit.

Qvem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare Clio?
Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago.

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidóve in Hæmo?

Ode

Ode XI.

To Levconoe.

He exhorteth Leuconoe, *that care omitted she seeke to please her selfe, taking argument from the shortnesse of life, and speed of death.*

* Strive not (*Leuconoë*) to know what end
The Gods above to thee, or mee will send:
Nor with Astrologers consult at all,
That thou may'st better know what can befall.
Whether, thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks doe cast;
Be wise, Drinke free, and in so short a space,
Doe not protracted hopes of life embrace.
Whilst we are talking, Envious Time doth slide:
This day's thine owne, the next may be deni'de.

Ode XII.

To Avgvstvs.

The Gods, Demy-Gods, and some worthy men honoured, hee descendeth into the divine praises of Augustus.

What man, or *Hero* (*Clio*) wilt thou praise
With shrilleſt Pipe, or *Lyra's* softer laies?
What God? whose name in sportive straine,
Eccho will chaunt thee back againe?

Either in shady Heliconian Bowers,
High Pindus, or cold craggie Hemus Towers?

And

Vnde vocalem temerè insequutæ
Orphea sylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fulminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentum
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Vnde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Prœliis audax, neque te silebo
Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certa
Phœbe sagitta.

Dicam & Alciden, puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor:
Concidunt venti: fugiúntque nubes:
Et minax (quòd sic voluêre) ponto
Vnda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompilivegnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.

Whence

Whence leavie Groves by heapes confus'd,
To wait on tunefull *Orpheus*, us'd;

Orpheus, well skill'd from mothers artfull lay,
Swift rivers glide, and speedie winds to stay,
And with his harps melodious song
Attentive Okes to draw along.

What shall I sing before the constant praise
Of father *Iove*, who Gods, and Mortals swaies?
Yea, Land, Sea, World extended wide
With various seasons doth divide?

From whom there nothing springs, greater than he;
Like nothing lives, nor can a second be:
Yet shall next honours *Pallas* grace,
Though seated in a lower place.

Nor will I warlike *Bacchus* let thee goe,
Nor *Diau*, savage beasts eternall foe:
Phœbus shall likewise have a part,
Dreadfull with unavoided dart.

With *Hercules* I *Leda's* sons must name,
Horse-service this, Foot-fight gives th'other Fame:
Whose brighter starre, when first in skie,
The wakefull Saylor doth descrie,

Downe from the rocks impetuous waters flow;
The winds surcease, the clouds dispelled goe;
And threatning waves (so the Twins will)
Vpon the Oceans brow are still.

These mention'd first, shall *Romulus* obtaine
The next record, or *Numa's* peacefull raigne?
Shall I the power of *Tarquins* state,
Or *Cato's* manly death relate?

Regulus

Regulum, & Seauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paullum, superante Pœno,
Gratus insigni referam Camena,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, & incomptis Curium capillis
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum Lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omneis
Iulium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater, atque custos
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
Seras, & Indos:

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem,
Tu gravi curru quatiens Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

Ode XIV.

Ad Rempublicam Bellum civilem reparantem.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. ó quid agis? fortiter occupa

Portum

Stout *Regulus*, the *Scauri*, *Paulus*, free
Of his great ſoule in *Canna's* victorie;
Or ſhall my gratefull tongue rehearſe
Fabricius, in reſplendent verſe?

Who with the valiant *Curius*, rough in guize
And haire uncomb'd, did with *Camillus* riſe
To high advancement, homely bred
In their poore Grand-Sires lands, and ſhed.

Marcellus Fame is like a ſpreading Tree,
Which groweth ſtill, although inſenſibly:
Each eye the Julian Starre admires,
As *Cynthia* 'mongſt the leſſer fires.

Great Father, and Protector of Man-kind
From *Saturne* ſprung, To thee the Fates aſſign'd
The care of mightie *Cæſar*; Raigne,
And *Cæſar* ſecond place obtaine.

He whither in full triumph lead along
The vanquiſh'd Parthians, who neere Latium throng;
Or Seres, and ſwart Indians tame,
That Eaſt-ward tremble at his name?

He leſſe, but Iuſt, the ſpacious world ſhall guide;
Heav'n ſhaking, thou in thund'ring Chorriot ride,
And thy offended lightning caſt
On Groves, which harbour the unchaſte.

Ode XIV.

To the Common-wealth preparing a-freſh for Civill War.

O Ship, what do'ſt? freſh ſtormes againe
Will drive thee back into the Maine.

Portum. nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antemnæque gemant? ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor? non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes & genus, & nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper solicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

Ode. XV.

Nereï vaticinium, de ruina Trojæ.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. Mala ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.
Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor: quanta moves funera Dardanæ

Bravely recover Port, and shore,
See'st not th'art destitute of Oare?
Swift South-west winds invade thy mast,
Thy saile-yard cracks with everie blast?
And cables scarce thy keele assure,
Those furly billowes to endure?
Thy sailes are torne, and thou a Thrall,
No Gods hast to invoke at all.
Though Pontique Pine (woods noble race)
Thou boast thy barren name, and place.
The fearefull Sailer (dangers tride)
Doth not to painted ships confide:
Take heed unlesse thou hast a mind
To be a sport unto the wind.
(Oh my Desire, and greatest Care,
Earst horror to my heart) Beware,
And flie in time those shelfie Seas,
Which run betwixt bright Cyclades.

Ode XV.

The Prophecie of Nereus *concerning the destruction of Troy.*

When in Idæan ships the trecherous Swaine,
With *Helen* his Greeke Mistresse cross'd the Maine,
Nereus, that ill events he might presage,
Becalm'd with lazie Rest the swift winde's rage.
Thou her tak'st home with thee in an ill hower,
Whom Greece shall fetch againe with armed power,
Conspiring to dissolve thy married state,
And *Priam's* ancient Kingdome ruinate.
Alas! what toile for horse, for men what paine,
What direfull funerals of Trojans slaine,

Genti! jam galeam Pallas, & ægida,
Curruſque, & rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris præſidio ferox,
Pectes cæſariem, grataque fœmina
Imbelli cithara carmina dividet.
Nequicquam thalamo graves
Haſtas, & calami ſpicula Cnoſii
Vitabis, ſtrepitúmque, & celeres ſequi
Ajacem: tamen heu ſerus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Lærtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Neſtora reſpicis?
Vrgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucérque, & Sthenelus ſciens
Pugnæ: ſive opus eſt imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Noſces. ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides, melior patre.
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Viſum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matroniſque Phrygum claſſis Achillei.
Poſt certas hiemes uret Achaicus
Ignis Iliacas domos.

Ode XVI.

Ad Amicam.

Palinodiam canit. Nam veniam petit à puella quam lan bis læſerat: culpámque transfert in iram, cujus vi indomitam deſcribit.

O Matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
Quem criminoſis cunque voles modum

Sec

See, *Pallas*, Helme and Target doth provide,
And will on her incenſed Charriot ride.
In vaine growne inſolent with *Venus* grace,
Shalt thou thine haire diſhevell, ſleeke thy Face:
In vaine ſhalt thou, on Harp's effeminate ſtring,
Soft tuned notes t'attentive women ſing:
In vaine, thou in thy chamber ſhalt decline
Sharp Speares, and head of Cnoſſian Iaveline,
Lowd noyſe, and *Ajax*, nimble to purſue,
Yet duſt at laſt ſhall ſoyle thy Beautie's hue.
Do'ſt thou not *Neſtor*, nor *Vlyſſes* mind,
Who for thy Countrey's ruine are deſign'd?
On thee undaunted *Salaminius* flies;
Thee, *Sthenelus* provokes, who beares the prize
Of armes, or Horſe to manage with command:
'Gainſt thee likewiſe ſhall *Meriones* ſtand:
Fell *Diomedes* ſtronger than his Sire,
For thee, with deſperate furie ſhall enquire;
Whom as an Hart that doth neglect his food,
Spying far off the Wolfe thirſtie of blood,
Thou faintly ſhalt, and almoſt breathleſſe, fly,
Breaking thy vow to *Hellen*, cowardly.
Achilles wrathfull Fleet the houre ſhall ſlack
Of Phrygian Matrons fall, and Ilium's wrack:
But Grecian fire in time determinate,
Shall Trojan buildings burne, and diſſipate.

Ode XVI.

To a Friend.

He repents: For he asketh pardon of a Maid, whom he had wounded with Iambicks, transferring the fault upon anger, the unbridled force whereof he describeth.

"DAughter, than thy faire Mother much more faire,
On my Iambicks fraught with ſpitefull aire,

Pones lambis: sive flamma,
Sive mari libet Adriano.
Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æquè: non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Tristes ut iræ: quam neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.
Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam & insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravêre: & altis urbibus ultimæ
Stetêre causæ, cur perirent
Funditùs, imprimeretque muris
Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compescе mentem. me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventa
Fervor, & in celeres iambos
Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quero tristia, dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

Ode XXII.

Ad Aristium.

Vitæ integritas ubique tutæ est, ideque suo exemplo probat.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,

Do

Doe thou prescribe what doome thy selfe shall please,
Either of Flames, or Adriatique Seas.
Not Dindymenian, nor the Pythian Priest,
Are with such Furie by their Gods possest:
Not *Bacchus*, nor the Corybantes, so,
When on shrill brasse they iterate their blow,
As banefull Anger, which not Norique armes,
Nor the ship-wracking stormie Ocean charmes:
Not furious Fire, nor *Jove* himselfe on high,
When he with dreadfull thunder rends the skie.
'Tis said, *Promethcus*, resolv'd, to make
Man out of clay, did severall parcels take
Dissected cunningly from everie beast,
And put fierce Lyons wroth into our brest.
Anger, *Thyestes* into ruine cast;
And unto Cities ever was the last
Cause, why they fell, and that proud foes were seene,
With hostile share to plough where wals had beene.
Bridle thy selfe. Me likewise heat of blood
Enrag'd in youth, and with distemper'd mood
Into Iambicks hurri'd: Now I seeke
To change my rougher language into meeke,
So wrongs recanted, thou more friendly be,
And love reciprocall returne to me.

Ode XXII.

To Aristius.

Integritie of life is everie where safe, which he proveth by his owne example.

WHo lives upright, and pure of heart
(O *Fuscus*) neither needs the dart,

Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Iubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Iupiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata:
Dulcem ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Ode XXIV.

Ad Virgilium.

Qui mortem Quintilii deflebat immoderate.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres

Nor

Nor bow, nor quiver, fraught with ſtore
Of ſhafts envenom'd by the More:

Whether o're Libya's parched ſands,
Or Caucaſus that houſeleſſe ſtands
He takes his journey; or thoſe places
Th'row which the fam'd *Hydaſpes* traces.

For (careleſſe) th'row the Sabine Grove,
Whilſt chaunting *Lalage*, I rove,
Not well obſerving limits due,
A Wolfe (from me unarmed) flew.

A monſter ſuch as all exceeds,
Which in huge woods fierce Daunia feeds:
Or thoſe, that *Iuba's* Kingdome hath,
The Deſart-Nurſe of Lyons wrath.

Place me in coldeſt Champaines, where
No Summer-warmth the Trees doth cheere:
Let me in that dull Climate reſt,
Which Clouds, and ſullen *Iove* infeſt:

Yea place me underneath the Carre
Of too neere *Phœbus*: ſeated farre
From dwellings, *Lalage* I'le love,
Whoſe ſmiles, whoſe words ſo ſweetly move.

Ode XXIV.

To Virgil,

Who immoderately bewailed the death of Quintilius.

MElpomene, whom *Iove* our Father daignes
Shrill voice appli'd to Harp's melodious ſtraines,

Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.
Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, & Iustitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior, quàm tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu, non ita creditum
Poscis Quintilium deos.
Quid si Threïcio blandiùs Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
Quam virga semel horrida
Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum. SED levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

Ode XXVIII.

Inducitur Archytas Philosophus & Geometra nautæ cuidam respondens, quòd omnibus sit moriendum, peténsque à nauta ne sinat corpus suum jacere in littore insepultum.

Te maris & terræ, numeróque carentis arenæ
Mensorem, cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera: nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentasse domos, animóque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.

Tell in ſad notes how far the bounds extend
Of love, and ſhame unto ſo deare a friend?
Shall then in endleſſe ſleepe *Quintilius* lie?
An equall unto whom, pure Modeſtie,
And Juſtice' ſiſter, Faith ſincere, and plaine,
Nor naked Veritie ſhall ever gaine?
Of many worthy men bemoan'd he fell,
But *(Virgil)* no man's griefe can thine excell.
Thou (loving) doſt (alas) the Gods in vaine
Quintilius, not ſolent thee, aske againe.
What if more ſweet, than Thracian *Orpheus* wire,
You Trees perſwade, to hearken to your Lyre;
Yet can you not, returne of life command
To ſhadow vaine, which once with dreadfull wand,
God *Mercurie*, unwilling FATE t'unlock,
Hath forc'd to dwell among the Stygian flock.
'Tis hard I grant. "But Patience makes that light,
"Which to correct, or change exceeds our might.

ODE XXVIII.

Architas, a Philoſopher, and Geometrician is preſented, anſwering to a certaine Mariner, that all men muſt die, and entreating him, that he would not ſuffer his body to lie on the ſhore unburied.

THe poore gift of a little duſt, confines,
And heere unto the Matine ſhore enſhrines
Thee, now *(Architas)* who could'ſt meaſure well
The Sea, the Earth, and Sands, which none can tell:
Nor could it any help, or profit be,
Death being ready ſtill to ſeize on thee,
Thoſe ai'rie manſions to have ſought from hence,
And oft ſurvey'd the Heav'nly circumference.

Occidit

Occidit & Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum:
Tithoníque remotus in auras:
Et Iovis arcanis Minos admissis: habéntque
Tartara Panthoiden, iterum Orco
Demissum: quamvis clypeo Troiana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultrà
Nervos, atque cutem morti concesserat atræ,
Iudice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturæ, verique. SED omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via lethi.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo spectacula Marti:
Exitio est avidis mare nautis.
Mista senum, ac juvenum densentur funera: nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu nautа vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus, & capiti inhumato
Particulam dare. sic quodcunque minabitur Eurus
Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinæ
Plectantur silvæ, te sospite, multáque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Iove, Neptunóque sacri custode Tarenti.
Neglegis immeritis nocituram
Post modo te natis fraudem committere. Forsan
Debita jura, vicesque superbæ
Te maneant ipsum. Precibus non linquar inultis,
Téque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

The Sire of *Pelops*, who with Gods did feaſt,
And aged *Tython*, ſhrunk at Death's Arreſt:
And *Minos*, to *Iove's* counſels call'd, was ſlaine,
And *Panthous* di'de, ſent downe to Hell againe;
Though by the ſhield pull'd downe, he proving well
That his firſt Birth in Trojans ages fell,
Affirm'd, that Death nought kill'd, but nerves, and skin:
(No man in Nature's power was better ſeene:)
But wee into one ſelfe ſame night doe fall,
And muſt the paths of Death tread once for all.
The Furies ſome to games of *Mars* apply,
The greedy Sailer drench'd in Seas doth lye.
In death both young and old, by heapes doe joyne;
Nor any head eſcapes ſad *Proſerpine*.
Mee, the South-wind, crooked *Orion's* Mate
O're-whelmed in Illyrian waves of late:
But (gentle Friend) be pleas'd now I am dead,
In looſe ſands to interre my Bones, and Head.
Which done (ſo thou be ſafe) may th'Eaſterne wind,
Which ſtirres Heſperian billowes be aſſign'd
To bluſter lowdly in Venuſium woods:
And may on ev'rie ſide, thy traffiqu'd goods
In plentie flow to thee from *Iove's* juſt hand,
And *Neptune*, who Tarentum doth command:
But if this fault of thine ſhall ſeeme but ſlight,
(Which may upon thine harmleſſe Iſſue light)
I wiſh due puniſhment, and proud neglect,
May on thy funerall Obſequies reflect:
Nor ſhall my prayers be powred forth in vaine,
Nor vowes have ſtrength to ſet thee free againe.
Yet if thou haſte, no longer ſtay I crave,
But thrice to throw the Duſt upon my Grave.

ODE

Ode XXXI.

Ad Apollinem.

Non divitias petit ab Apolline, sed ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? non opimas
Sardiniæ segetes feraces:
Non æstuosæ grata Calabriæ
Armenta: non aurum, aut ebur Indicum:
Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.
Premant Calena falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna, vitem: dives & aureis
Mercator exsecet cullullis
Vina Syra reparata merce,
Dis carus ipsis: quippe ter, & quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impune: me pascunt olivæ,
Me cichorea, leves que malvæ.
Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latoë dones: & (precor) integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharæ carentem.

Ode

Ode XXXI.

To Apollo.

He desireth not riches of Apollo, *but that hee may have a sound minde in an healthy body.*

What doth thy Poet aske (*Phœbus* divine;)
What craves he, when he powres thee Bowles of wine?
Not the rich corne of fat Sardinia,
Nor fruitfull flocks of burnt Calabria,
Nor Gold, nor Indian Ivorie; nor the grounds,
Which silent Lyris with soft streame arrounds.
Let those whom Fortune so much store assignes,
Prune with Calenian hooke their fertile vines:
Let the rich Merchant to the Gods so deare,
(For so I terme him right, who everie yeare,
Three, or foure times, visits th' Atlantique Seas
From shipwrack free:) Let him his palate please;
And in gilt bowles drinke wines of highest price,
Bought with the sale of Syrian Merchandice.
Loose Mallowes, Succorie, and Olive-plant
Serve me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant
To me in health, and free from life's annoy,
Things native, and soone gotten to enjoy;
And with a mind compos'd old Age attaine,
Not loathsome, nor depriv'd of Lyrick Straine.

Ode

Ode XXXIV.

Ad Seipsum.

Quem pœnitet quòd Epicureos sequutus, parum studiosè Deos coluerit.

Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro: nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos. namque Diespiter
Igni corusco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucrémque currum:
Quo bruta tellus, & vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, & invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteúsque finis
Concutitur. valet ima summis
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens. hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit: hic posuisse gaudet.

Ode XXXV.

Ad Fortvnam.

Obsecrat eam, ut Cæsarem conservet in Britannos iturum.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.

Ode

Ode XXXIV.

To Himselfe.

who repenteth, that having followed the Epicurian Sect, hee thereby hath negligently honoured the Gods.

I Who the Gods remissely did adore,
In frantique wisdome erring heretofore,
Now, back, enforced am my sailes to raise,
And once againe to seeke forsaken wayes.
For *Iupiter*, who day with light inspires,
Dividing dusky clouds, with glitt'ring Fires,
Hath oft th'row clearest skie advanc'd his course,
With Charriot swift, and thunder-breathing Horse,
Wherewith dull Earth, and wandring Rivers quake,
Yea Stygian Fen, and horrid dwellings shake
Of hatefull *Tænarus*, and *Atlas'* bounds.
"God, by exchange, the high with low confounds;
"He abject baseneſſe on the greatest flings,
"And casteth lustre on obscured things.
Hence restlesse Fortune, height from one man takes
With shrillest noyse, and Great another makes,

Ode XXXV.

To Fortvne.

He beseecheth her, that she would preserve Cæsar going into Britany.

O Goddesse, which beloved Antium swayes,
Still ready with thy powerfull arme to raise
Men, from the low degree of wretched Thrals,
Or turne proud Triumphs into Funerals.

Te

Te pauper ambit sollicita prece
Ruris colonus: te dominam æquoris,
Quicunque Bithyna lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carina.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythe,
Vrbesque, gentesque, & Latium ferox,
Regumque matres Barbarorum, &
Pupurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam: neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit sava Necessitas,
Clavos trabales, & cuneos manu
Gestans aena: nec severus
Vncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes, & albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno: nec comitem abnegat,
Vtcunque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.
At vulgus infidum, & meretrix retrò
Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis
Cum face siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, & juvenum recens
Examen Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.
Eheu, cicatricum, & sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde manus juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? O utinam nova
Incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabesque ferrum.

Ode

The poore and ruſtick Clowne with humble plea
Solicites thee: Thee Ladie of the Sea,
He loudly invocates, who e're doth ſweepe
In Aſian Veſſell the Carpathian Deepe.
The Dacian rough, the wandring Scythian,
Kingdomes, and Cities; the fierce Latian:
Thee mothers of Barbarian Kings doe feare,
And Tyrants, which bright purple garments weare.
Let not a ſtanding Pillar be o'rethrowne
By thy offended foot: Nor be it knowne,
That troopes of warlike people now at reſt,
Take armes againe, and Empire's peace infeſt.
Still, ſharp Neceſſitie before thee goes,
Holding in brazen hand, (as pledge of woes)
Tormenting Beames, and Wracks: and more to daunt,
Sharp hookes, and molten lead doe never want.
Thee, Hope, and ſimple Faith in white attire,
Much honour, and thy company deſire;
How e're thou do'ſt another habit take,
And made a Foe to Great Men, them forſake.
But the falſe Multitude, and perjur'd Whore
Retireth back: yea friends, when veſſel's ſtore
Is to the dregs drunke up, away doe flie,
Shunning the yoke of mutuall povertie.
Preſerve thou *Cæſar*, ſafe, we thee implore,
Bound to the world's remoteſt Britton ſhore,
And thoſe new Troopes of youth, whoſe dreadfull ſight,
The Eaſt and ruddie Ocean doth affright.
Fie on our broyles, vile Acts, and Brother's fall.
Bad Age! what miſchiefe doe we ſhun at all?
What youth, his hand for feare of God's containes?
Or who from ſacred Altar's ſpoyle refraines?
Ah! rather let's dull ſwords new forge, and whet
Againſt th'Arabian, and the Maſſaget.

ODE XXXVII.

Ad Sodales.

Quos hortatur ad indulgendum Genio ob victoriam Actiacam.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus: nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.
Ante hac nefas depromere Cæcubum
cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus & imperio parabat,
Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum: quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunâque dulci
Ebria. Sed minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus:
Mentémque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar, ab Italia volantem
Remis adurgens, accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Hæmoniæ, daret ut catenis
Fatale monstrum. Quæ generosius
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem, nec latentes
Classe cita reparavit oras.
Ausa & jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno fortis, & asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
Corpore combiberet venenum,
Deliberata morte ferocior:
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.

Finis Libri primi.

Ode XXXVII.

To his Companions.

Whom he exhorteth to be merrie upon the newes of the Actiaque victorie.

NOw let us drinke, now dance (Companions) now
Let's Salian banquets to the Gods allow.
It might before this time be thought a sinne,
To broach old Cæcube wines, whilst the mad Queene
Prepar'd the ruine, and disastrous fall,
Both of the Empire, and the Capitoll,
With her scabb'd Troope of men effeminate,
Proud with vast hopes, and drunk with prosp'rous state.
But the scarce safetie of one ship from fire
Less'ned her furie, whilst great *Cæsar's* Ire
To reall feares enforc'd her to resigne
Her minde enrag'd with Mareotique wine.
He pressed with swift vessels to enchaine
This Monster, flying Italy amaine:
As Hawke the fearefull Dove, or Hunter swift
Pursues the Hare th'row Æmon's snowie drift:
Whilst she, that she might die the nobler way,
Did neither as a woman feare the ray
Of brandish'd sword, nor laboured to flye,
With speedy flight in secret nookes to lye:
But with an eye serene, and courage bold,
Durst her dejected Palaces behold,
Handle the hissing Adder, and the Snake
And in her body their black poyson take:
Made the more fierce by death determined,
She (noble Spirit) scorned to be led
In hostile vessels, as a private Thrall,
To fill proud Triumphs with her wretched Fall.

The end of the first Booke.

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber secundus.

ODE I.

Ad C. ASINIVM POLLIONEM.

Pollionem monet ut tragœdiarum scripturam tantisper intermittat, dum respublica sit composita. Deinde commendat illius scripta.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum,
Bellique causas, & vitia, & modos,
Ludumque Fortunæ, gravésque
Principum amicitias, & arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruentibus,
Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ,
Tractas, & incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.
Paulùm severæ Musa tragœdiæ
Desit theatris: mox, ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

ODES OF *Horace.*

The ſecond Booke.

Ode I.

To C. Asinivs Pollio.

He adviſeth him to intermit the writing of Tragedies a while till the Common-wealth be compoſed. Laſtly, he commendeth his writings.

THou civill broyles, their cauſes, errors, way,
Doſt from *Metellus'* Conſulſhip diſplay;
The various ſports of Fortune, faithleſſe knots
Of Prince's leagues, their armes diſtain'd with ſpots
Of bloud unexpiate; A worke repleat
With dangerous events, which thou do'ſt treat,
And tread, as guilefull aſhes hiding fire.
Ah let thy Muſe, ſome little time retire
From Theaters, where Tragedies doe mourne,
And when thou publique things haſt done, Returne,
And in Cæcropian Buskin proſecute
Thy worthy Talent (who do'ſt contribute

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis,
Et consulenti Pollio curiæ:
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.
Iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures: iam litui strepunt:
Iam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos, equitumque vultus.
Audire magnos iam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos:
Et cuncta terrarum subacta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.
Iuno, & Deorum quisquis amicior
Afris, inulta cesserat impotens
Tellure: victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Iugurthæ.
Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulcris impia prælia
Testatur, auditumque Medis
Hesperiæ sonitum ruinæ?
Qui gurges, aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?
Sed ne relictis Musa procax jocis
Ceæ retractes munera neniæ:
Mecum Dionæo sub antro
Quære modos leviore plectro.

Sub

Such free ſupport unto the ſad accus'd,
And Senate, which hath long thy Counſell us'd:)
That Lawrels may with honour crowne thy head,
By thy Dalmatian triumphs purchaſed.
Now Eares thou ſtrik'ſt with Trumpets thret'ning ſound,
Straight-wayes the Cornet's ſhriller notes rebound.
Now armour's bright reflection, terrifies
The flying Horſe, and dazleth Horſe-mens eyes.
Then valiant Captaines, (whom me thinks I heare)
Not ſordid with inglorious duſt appeare:
Yea all the world, I there ſubdued finde,
But the great *Cato's* unaffrighted minde.
Iuno, and Gods, who did for Affrick ſtand,
Unable to revenge, forſooke the land:
But Victor's nephewes, ſhe to ſlaughter bent,
As funerall victimes to *Iugurtha* ſent.
What field with Roman bloud now fatter growne,
But makes by Graves, our impious battels knowne?
Nay Medes have heard reſound in Climates far,
Heſperia's ruines wrought by Civill warre.
What pettie Gulph, or ſtreame of water's flow,
That doth not our diſaſtrous conflicts know?
What Sea, which Daunian ſlaughters have not di'd?
What ſhore, where Romane bloud is not deſcri'd?
But (ſaucie Muſe) leſt leaving ſportive veine,
Thou take upon thee *Cæus* mournfull ſtraine,
Seeke with me in *Dione's* ſilent Cave,
Notes, which a quill of ſofter touch muſt have.

Ode II.

Ad C. Crispvm Sallvstivm.

Proculeium laudat ob liberalitem in fratres. Contemptus pecuniæ solum regem efficit & beatum.

Nvllus argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni:
Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis, & aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyrsolio Phraaten,
Dissidens plebi numero beatorum eximit virtus, populumque falsis
Dedocet uti

Vocibus, regnum, & diadema tutum
Deferens uni, propriámque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.

Qui

Ode II.

To C. Salvstivs Crispvs.

He praiſeth Proculeius *for liberalitie towards his Brothers, onely contempt of money makes a man happie.*

NO colour is in golden veine
(Oh *Saluſt*, enemie of Gaine)
Hidden within a greedie Mine,
Unleſſe with temp'rate uſe it ſhine.

Good *Proculeius* ne're ſhall die.
'Mongſt Brothers mark'd for Pietie:
Surviving Fame with daring flight
Shall yeeld his Name eternall right.

In larger circuit thou doſt raigne,
If greedie Humor thou reſtraine,
Then if thou Gades to Lybia joyne,
Or both the Carthages were thine.

The ſelfe-indulgent dropſie growes,
Nor doth the palate's thirſt unloſe,
Till man from veines, the dolour's cauſe,
And pallid wat'rie faintneſſe drawes.

Vertue, diſſenting from the ſtraine
Of vulgar Spirits, in the traine
Of happie men, plac'd not *Phraat*,
Although reſtor'd to *Cyrus* ſtate.

And makes the people underſtand;
That proper praiſe, and juſt command,
They ſhould alone to him apply,
Who viewes huge heapes with careleſſe Eye.

Ode III.

Ad Delivm.

Moderatè ferenda utraque est fortuna, quum omnibus impendeat æqua moriendi conditio.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus ac bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia: moriture Deli,
Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum beâris
Interiore nota Falerni:
Quâ pinus ingens, albâque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, & obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.
Huc vina, & unguenta, & nimium brevis
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ:
Dum res, & ætas, & sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmptis saltibus, & domo,
Villâque flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes: & exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.
Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, & infima
De gente sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eôdem cogimur. Omnium
Versatur urna: serius ocius
Sors exitura, & nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

Ode

Ode III.

To Delivs.

Prosperous, and adverse Fortune are to be moderately borne, since one, and the selfe same condition of death hangeth over everie man.

IN adverse chance an equall minde retaine,
As in best fortunes temp'red, free from vaine
Of mirth profuse: For (*Delius*) thou must die,
Though with sad thoughts oppresst thou silent lie;
Or, on Feast-dayes retir'd to grassie shade,
Thou with choyce Falerne wine art happie made:
Where the white Poplar, and the loftie Pine,
In friendly shade their mutuall branches twine;
And Rivers swiftly gliding strive, apace
'Bout crooked Banks, their trembling streames to chace.
Bring hither wine, and od'rous unguents. Bring
The daintie Rose, a faire, but fading thing;
While Fortune, Age, and Wealth yeeld seasons fit,
And the three Sisters sable-loomes permit.
Thou from thine House must part, and purchas'd woods,
From village lav'd with yellow Tybers floods,
And thy vast hoorded heapes of wealth's excesse,
An Heire (perhaps) ungratefull shall possesse.
No matter 'tis, whether thou rich art borne
Of Argive Kings, or low expos'd to scorne
Sprung from poore Parents, liv'st in open fields;
Thou art Death's sacrifice (who never yeelds.)
We all are thither brought, 'tis he that turnes,
And guides our mortall life's uncertaine Vrnes.
Sooner, or later each man hath his lot,
And hence exil'd, embarques in *Charon's* boat.

Ode IX.

Ad Valgium.

Ut tandem aliquando mortem pueri sui Mystis deflere desinat.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros, aut mare Caspium
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque: nec Armeniis in oris
Amice Valgi stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes: aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.
Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum; nec tibi Vesperi
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.
At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
Annos: nec impubem parentes
Troilon, aut Phrygiæ sorores
Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum: & potius nova
Cantemus Augusti trophæa
Cæsaris, & rigidum Niphaten,
Medumque flumen gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vertices:
Intráque præscriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

Ode

Ode IX.

To Valgius.

That now at length hee would desist to deplore his deceased Myste.

The swelling Clowd, not alwayes powres
On rugged fields, impetuous showres.
Nor Caspian Sea (*Valgius* belov'd)
With boyst'rous stormes, is ever mov'd:
Nor on Armenia's bord'ring shore,
Dull Isicles stand alwayes hore:
Or Gargan Groves, with North-wind's riv'd,
Or are Ash-trees of leaves depriv'd:
You still in mournfull sort complaine,
That Death hath your deare *Myste* slaine,
Your love sets not, if *Vesper* riso,
Nor when from *Phœbus*, *Hesper* flies:
But thrice-ag'd *Nestor* did not still,
Teares, for *Antilochus* distill:
Nor Parents, nor sad Sisters, ever
To waile young *Troïlus* persever.
Cease then at length thy soft complaint,
And in our Songs, Now, let us paint
Great *Cæsar's* Trophies, and command,
And how conjoyn'd to conquer'd land,
The Median streame, and Nyphate strong
In lesser Channels, run along,
And *Gelons* to lesse limits tide,
In farre more straightned fields doe ride.

Ode X.

Ad Licinium.

Mediocritas in utrâque fortunâ est ferenda.

Rectiùs vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo: neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimiùm premendo
Litus iniquum.

Avream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Sæpiùs ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus: & celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriúntque summos
Fulmina montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem benè præparatum
Pectus. Informes hyemes reducit
Iupiter: idem

Summovet. Non, si malè nunc, & olim
Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus, atque
Fortis appare. Sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

Ode

Ode X.

To Licinius.

Mediocritie to be used in either Fortune.

Licinius, know your safer way,
Is not still on the Maine to stray:
Nor whilst you (wisely) stormes abhorre
Too much to seeke the shelfie shore.

He, who affects the golden Meane,
Lives safe from Cottages uncleane:
And (sober) doth as much despise,
In envie-breeding Courts to rise.

The blustring winds more often farre
'Gainst loftie Pines, doe threaten warre:
Brave Towers with greater ruine fall,
And Thunders highest hils enthrall.

Each Fortune sutes with minds prepar'd,
They feare in good, and hope in hard.
Iove brings in horrid Winter's rage,
And suddenly doth it asswage.

If with thee now it be but ill,
Resolve, it cannot be so still.
Sometimes *Apollo's* silent Muse
Speakes in his Harp, nor doth he use

Alwayes to bend his angrie Bow;
In crosses Strength, and Courage show:
And (wisely) strike sailes, when you finde
Them filled, with too prosp'rous winde.

Ode XI.

Ad Quintum Hirpinum.

Omissis curis vivendum est hilariter.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere: nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca, fugit retrò
Lævis juventas, & decor, arida
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilémque somnum.
Non semper idem floribus est honos
Vernis, neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Vultu. Quid æternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?
Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temerè, & rosa
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriáque nardo
Potamus uncti? dissipat Euius
Curas edaces. Quis puer ocius
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lympha?
Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? eburna, dic age, cum lyra
Maturet, in comptum Lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.

Ode

Ode XI.

To Quintus Hirpinus,

cares laid aside, let us live merrily.

What the Cantabrian stout, or Scythian thinke,
Divided from us by rough Adria's brinke,
(*Quintus Hirpinus*) doe not thou enquire,
Nor for life's use, which little doth desire,
Be too sollicitous. Sleeke youth, apace
Hast's hence away, and with it beautie's grace,
Dry-aged Hoarinesse with furrowes deepe
Dispelling amorous fires, and gentle sleepe.
The Summer flowers keepe not their native Grace,
Nor shines the bright Moone, with a constant face.
Why dost thou vex thy minde, subordinate
Unto the Councels of eternall Fate?
Why under this high Plane, or Pine tree's shade
In discomposed manner, careless laid
Anoint not we, and then to drinke prepare?
Free *Bacchus* dissipates consuming care.
But (oh) what Boy Falernian wine's hot rage,
Will soone for me, with fountaine-streames asswage?
Or, who will *Lyde* wish from close retire
Hither to come. Boy, with her Ivorie Lyre
Bid her make haste, and like Laconian Maids
Tie her neglected haire in careless braids.

Ode

Ode XIII.

In Arborem, cujus casu repentino penè oppressus fuerat.

Nunquam homini satis cautum est quid cavere debeat. Sapphonis & Alcæi laudes.

Ille & nefasto te posuit die,
Quicumque primum, & sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi:
Illum & parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, & penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis: ille venena Colchica, & quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
Tractavit: agro qui statuit meo,
Te triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.
Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est. In horas navita Bosphorum
Pœnus perhorrescit, neque ultrà
Cæca timet aliunde fata.
Miles sagittas, & celerem fugam
Parthi: catenus Paribus, & Italum
Robur: sed improvisa lethi
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.
Quàm pænè furvæ regna Proserpinæ,
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,
Sedesque discretas piorum, &
Æolis fidibus querentem
Sappho puellis de popularibus,
Et te sonantem plenius aureo
Alcæe plectro dura navis,

Ode XIII.

Againſt a Tree, by whoſe ſudden fall he had almoſt been ſlaine.

Never is Man certaine enough, what he ſhould avoyd. The praiſe of Sappho *and* Alcæus.

* WHo ever 'twas (O Tree) that ſet thee firſt,
With wicked hand, and on a day accurſt,
Planted a ſtock the Countrey's ſhame to be,
And future miſchiefe to Poſteritie.
I thinke he brake his Father's neck at leaſt,
Or ſtain'd cloſe roomes with ſlaughter of ſome gueſt:
He Colchique poyſons handled, and what ere
In any place we bad conceive, or feare;
Who fix'd thee (wicked Plant) upon my ground,
Thy guiltleſſe Lord, by falling to confound.
" What daily by us ſhould avoyded be,
* We cannot with ſufficient Heed foreſee.
The Affrick Sailer Boſphor-Straights doth feare;
Nor hidden danger dreads, elſe any where:
The Souldier, ſhafts, and Parthians when they fly,
The Parthian, chaines, and power of Italy;
But the ſad ſtroke of unexpected Fate,
Hath, and will ever Nations ruinate.
How neere have we beheld black *Proſerpine*,
And *Æacus*, who fatall Doomes doth ſigne:
Th'Elyzian fields repleniſhed with Saints,
And on Æolian Harp heard *Sappho*'s plaints
Of Lesbian Maids: And thee *Alcæus* eke,
Whoſe golden Harp in fuller notes doth ſpeake,
Hard ſea-adventures, ill ſucceſſe of flight,
And dangers manifold of warlike Fight,

Dura fugæ mala, dura belli!
Vtrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur Vmbræ dicere: sed magis
Pugnas, & exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.
Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps
Aures, & intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues.
Quin & Prometheus, & Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur sono:
Nec curat Orion leones,
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

Ode XIV.

Ad Posthvmvm.

Vita brevis, & mori necesse est.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis, & instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.
Non si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice places illachrymabilem
Plutona tauris: qui ter amplum
Geryonem, Tityonque tristi
Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terræ munere vescimur,
Enaviganda: sive reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni,
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ,
Frustra per autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum,

At both whose Songs, the shades admiring stand,
And sacred Silence to themselves command:
But the heap'd Multitude with greedy eare
Throng, straines of Fights, and banish'd Kings to heare.
No wonder! since the hundred-headed Beast
Coucheth his eares, attentive with the rest.
And the fell Snakes wreath'd in the Furie's haire,
Herewith their melancholy teene repaire:
Yea, gnawne *Prometheus*, and *Pelops'* Syre
Forget their paines, charm'd with this tunefull Lyre;
Nor doth *Orion* minde the Lyons view,
Or the swift-footed Lynces to pursue.

Ode XIV.

To Posthumvs.

Life is short, and Death is necessarie.

AH *Posthumus*, swift yeares soone passe,
Nor can religious Zeale (alas)
To wrinckles, or decrepit dayes,
Or dearh untamed bring delayes:
Not if thou to harsh *Pluto's* shrine
Each day three hundred Buls assigne:
Who *Geryon*, and *Tityus* bound,
With sable river doth surround:
A streame on which each man must saile,
From royall Scepter to the Flaile.
We bloudie *Mars* decline in vaine,
Or broken waves of Adrian Maine:
And (needlesse) feare, when Autumne's rise
The South-winds hurtfull to our life.
Wand'ring *Cocytus* Floud, with slow
And heavie Current, thou must know;

Visendus

Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans, & Danai genus
Infame, damnatúsque longi
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.
Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens
Vxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos
Vlla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior,
Servata centum clavibus: & mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo,
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

Ode XV.

In sui sæculi luxum.

Iampauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent: undique latiùs
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu, platanúsque cælebs
Evincet ulmos: tum violaria, &
Myrtus, & omnis copia narium
Spargent olivetis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori.
Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus: non ita Romuli
Præscriptum, & intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque norma.
Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum. Nulla decempedis
Metata privatis, opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton:
Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico

And

And *Danaus* infamous Traine,
And *Syſiphus* with endleſſe paine.
Thou Houſe, Land, lovely Wife muſt want,
Nor any Trees, which thou doſt plant,
(When thou art dead) will wait on thee,
But the moſt hated Cypreſſe tree.
Thy worthier heire drinks Cæcube wine,
Which thou with hundred keyes did'ſt ſhrine;
And with it the rich pavement dewes:
None ſuch the High-Prieſt's banquet ſhewes.

Ode XV.

Againſt the exceſſe of that Age.

MAgnifique buildings ſhortly will allow
Few Akers of firme land unto the Plough:
Now many may be ſeene huge Pooles to make,
Of much more wide extent than Lucrine Lake.
The ſolitarie Plane, the Elme ſupplants,
Nor any flower ſweet odours breathing, wants,
As Myrtles, Roſes, and the Violet,
Where the firſt Owner fertile Olives ſet.
The Lawrell now, to *Phœbus* piercing Eye,
Th'row his thick branches paſſage doth deny.
No ſuch preſcript did *Romulus* exact,
Nor Elders, nor rough *Cato* did enact.
Private revenues, then, were ſhort, and low,
And each man ſtrove to make the publique flow,
Proud Gallerie no private men, then, made
Rais'd ten foot wide, to let in Northerne ſhade.
Nor might we by our ancient Lawes diſdaine
For pillowes, caſuall Turfes to entertaine;

Sumptu jubentes, & Deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

Ode XVI.

Ad Grosphvm:

Omnes expetunt animi tranquillitatem, quæ neque divitiis neque honoribus potest acquiri, sed cupiditates tantùm coercendo.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægeo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sydera nautis.

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
nale nec auro.

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenuis salinum:
Nec leves somnos timor, aut Cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Commanding

Commanding Townes to build at publique charge,
And the God's Temples, with new ſtone enlarge.

Ode XVI.

To Grosphvs.

All men deſire tranquillitie of minde, which can neither with riches, nor Honours be acquired, but onely with bridling our Appetites.

SOone as black clowds have hid the Moone's bright (Eye,
And Pilots cannot beſt-knowne Starres deſcrie,
The Mariner toſs'd in Ægean Sea,
Straight to the Gods for Reſt makes humble plea.

The warlike Thracians peacefull eaſe require,
And quiver-bearing Medes repoſe deſire,
Repoſe, which not with Gem's, Purple, or Gold,
(Beleeve me *Groſphus*) will be bought, or ſold.

No wealth, nor Conſuls Lictors, who make way,
Can from the heart diſturbed tumults fray;
Or Cares which flie about gilt roofes, diſpell.
He happily with little liveth well,

Who having on his homely Table plac'd
His Father's Cup, and Salt kept undefac'd,
So lives, that Feare, nor ſordid Lucre keepe
His waking eyes from ſoft, and gentle ſleepe.

Why doe we (boldly) many things propoſe
In ſhort liv'd Age, which Time doth quickly cloſe?
Why lands with other Sun enflamed change?
Who from himſelfe, though far from home can range?

Scandit

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultrà est
Oderit curare: & amara læto
Temperet risu. NIHIL est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ: tibi tollit hinnitum apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, & Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ,
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.

Ode XVII.

Ad Mæcenatem ægrotum.

Quo mortuo negat se velle vivere.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?
Nec Dis amicum est, nec mihi, te prius
Obire, Mæcenas, mearum
Grande decus, columenque rerum.

Strong

Strong ſhips are boorded by conſuming Care:
Nor doth She braveſt Troopes of Horſemen ſpare:
More ſwift ſhe is than the light-footed Hind,
Or tempeſt-raiſing ſtormes of Eaſterne wind.

The minde in preſent cheerefull hates the care,
Or feare of future things: And doth prepare
To temper bitter fits with laughter free.
"Nothing in all reſpects can happie be.

Death quickly ſnatched brave *Achilles* hence,
Nor did with *Tython's* long-liv'd age diſpence:
And that (perhaps) I may of Time obtaine
Which thy expecting hopes ſhall never gaine.

You many fertile flocks of ſheepe command,
Sicilian Kine about you, lowing, ſtand.
Your Mares for Chariot fit, are heard from farre
Lowdly to neigh: Nor garments wanting are

Of purple cloth, dipp'd twice in Affrick Die,
Whilſt a poore ſtate, by upright Deſtinie,
To me is giv'n; mix'd with a ſlender Name,
Of Greekiſh Muſe, and ſcorne of vulgar Fame.

Ode XVII.

To Mæcenas being ſick.

Whom he reſolveth not to ſurvive.

WHy kill you me with your laments?
It not the Gods, nor me contents,
Mæcenas (firſt) ſhould yeeld to Fate,
The Grace, and Pillar of my ſtate.

Ah, te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid morer altera,
Nec carus æquè, nec superstes
Integer? ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam: non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Vtcumque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.
Me nec Chimæræ spiritus igneæ,
Nec si resurgat centimanus Gyas,
Divellet unquam. Sic potenti
Iustitiæ, placitumque Parcis.
Seu Libra, seu me Scorpius adspicit
Formidolosus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, seu tyrannus
Hesperiæ Capricornus undæ:
Vtrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum. Te Iovis Impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit, volucrisque fati
Tardavit alas, cùm populus frequens
Lætum theatris ter crepuit sonum:
Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
Dextrâ levasset, Mercurialium
Custos virorum. Reddere victimas,
Ædemque votivam memento:
Nos humilem feriemus agnam.

But if a ſpeedier ſtroke of Death,
Rob thee (my ſoules beſt part) of breath?
Why ſtay I in the other, *Sole*,
Not pleaſing to my ſelfe, nor *whole*?
One day ſhall ſee us periſh both:
I have not falſly ſworne an oath.
Goe, when you pleaſe, I will not ſtay,
But be your partner in the way.
Chimæra breathing flames of fire,
Nor hundred-handed *Gyas'* Ire,
Shall ſeperate my ſoule from thine;
Thus Iuſtice, and the Fates deſigne:
Though *Libra* in his full aſpect,
And *Scorpius* fell, with beames direct,
My Horoſcope with rage infeſt,
Or *Capicorne*, that rules the Weſt:
Our Conſtellations both agree
In admirable ſort. And thee
Iove's radiant luſtre hath exempt
From *Saturne's* ray malevolent,
And ſlack'd the wings of ſpeedy death,
Ev'n when the people with loud breath,
Thrice in the Theater did ſound
That gladſome newes; What time a wound,
By a Tree's fall, my skull had broke,
Had not God-*Faunus* from the ſtroke
Protected me, who doth aſſiſt,
(As Patron, each Mercurialiſt:)
Pay victimes, thy vow'd Temple build,
And I a tender Lamb will yeeld.

Ode XVIII.

Re tenui se contentum dicit, ubi alii cupiditatibus suis & divitiis studeant, quasi perpetuò victuri.

Non ebur, neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar,
Non trabes Hymettiæ
Premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa: neque Attali
Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi:
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.
At fides & ingeni
Benigna vena est: pauperémque dives
Me petit. Nihil supra
Deos lacesso: nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ:
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus: & sepulcbri
Immemor, struis domos:
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid quòd usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, & ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens deos
Et uxor, & vir, sordidósque natos.

Ode XVIII.

He affirmeth himselfe to be contented with a little, while others are wholly addicted to their desires, and encrease of riches, as if they should alwayes live.

NO gilded roofe, nor Ivorie Fret,
For splendor in my house is set;
Nor are beames from Hymettia sought,
To lye a-thwart rich Columnes, brought
From Affrick; nor I heire unknowne,
Make *Attalus* his wealth, mine owne.
No honest Tenants wives you see,
Laconian Purples weave for mee:
A loyall heart, and ready vaine
Of wit I have, which doth constraine
Rome's richest men to seeke the love
Of me, though poore: Nor Gods above
Doe I invoke for larger store;
Nor of *Mæcenas* aske I more.
To me my single Sabine field,
Sufficient happinesse doth yeeld.
"One day thrust's on another fast,
And new Moones to the wane doe hast.
When death (perhaps) is neere at hand,
Thou fairest Marbles dost command
Be cut for use, yet dost neglect
Thy Grave, and houses still erect;
Nay would'st abridge the vast Sea's shore,
Which lowdly doth at Baiæ rore:
Enriched little, lesse content,
With limits of the Continent.
Why often pull'st thou up the bounds,
T'enlarge the Circuit of thy ground,

Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci fine destinata,
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultrà tendis? Aqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regúmque pueris: nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coercet: hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus,
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

Finis Libri secundi.

Encroaching

Encroaching farre from confines knowne,
To make the neighbouring field thine owne?
The Husband, wife, and sordid brood.
With ancient Houshold Gods, that stood
In quiet peace, must be expell'd:
Yet is not any mansion, held
For the rich Land-lord so assur'd
As deepe in Hell to be immur'd.
Then whither do you further tend?
Th'indiff'rent Earth, an equall friend;
As willingly opens her wombe,
For Beggar's grave, as Princes Tombe.
Gold could of *Charon* not obtaine,
To beare *Prometheus* back againe.
Proud *Tantalus*, and all his stock,
Death, with the bands of Fate doth lock:
And call'd, or not call'd ready stands,
To free the poore from painfull bands.

The End of the second Booke.

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber tertius.

ODE I.

Vita beata non opibus aut honoribus, sed animi tranquillitate efficitur.

ODi profanum vulgus, & arceo,
Favete linguis. Carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus, puerisque canto.
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis,
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventis.
Est, ut vir viro latiùs ordinet
Arbusta sulcis; hic generosior

ODES OF *Horace.*

The third Booke.

Ode I.

Life is made happie, not with Riches, but Mind's Tranquillitie.

I Hate th'unlearned vulgar Crew,
Be silent: (Boyes, and Maids) to you
I Prieſt of Muſes now reherſe,
What never yet was heard in verſe.
Kings awfull, their owne Subjects ſway,
And Kings themſelves doe *Iove* obay;
Who famous for the Gyants fall,
With brow auſtere doth manage all.
Say one in larger furrowes plant
Trees, which another Man doth want.
What though one boaſt a nobler ſtraine,
Affected honours to attaine:
One better life, and fame pretends,
Another hath more Troopes of friends:

Descendat in campum petitor:
Moribus hic, meliorque fama
Contendat: illi turba clientium
Sit major: Æqua lege necessitas
Sortitur insignes & imos,
Omne capax movet urna nomen.
Districtus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem:
Non avium, citharæque cantus
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hædi:
Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sydera, nunc hyemes iniquas.
Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,
Iactis in altum molibus. Hue frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominúsque terræ
Fastidiosus. Sed timor & minæ
Scandunt eòdem, quò dominus: neque
Decedit æratâ triremi, &
Post equitem sedet atra cura.
Quòd si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sydere clarior
Delenit usus, nec Falerna
Vitis, Achæmeniúmque costum:
Cur invidendis postibus, & novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?

With

With equall law ne're fayling death,
The rich, and poore deprives of breath,
Casting that name from forth his urne,
Which next by lot, to death must turne.
Sicilian feasts, with dainties grac't,
Procure not palate-pleasing tast
To him, who o're his wicked head
A drawne sword sees in twine of thread.
No chaunt of Birds, nor charme of Lyre
Can in his eyes soft sleepe inspire:
Delicious Sleepe, no whit disdaynes
The homely Cottages of swaynes,
Nor shady bankes, nor Tempe grove,
Where *Zephirus* doth gently rove.
"He, who desires but what's enough;
"Feares not the Ocean-billowes rough:
Nor sterne Arcturus force, that sets,
Nor rising Kid, which stormes begets,
Nor troubled is, when Vines tho'rough Haile,
Or plenteous Crops in Harvest faile:
Or when his Trees feele water-flowes,
His fields hot starres, or winter-snowes.
Now, Fishes find the Seas more straight,
With Bulwarks rais'd of wondrous waight:
Hither the Tasker with his trayne,
And Lord himselfe, fill'd with disdaine,
Of his firme Land's too narow Ring,
Materialls, fit for building, bring:
But angry Threats, and restlesse Feare,
Go with their Maister every where.
Black Care, a ship-board with him bides,
And sits behind him, when he rides.
But if, nor Phrigian Columnes, can,
Nor use of Purples brighter, than
Heau'ns lights, disturbed minds content,
Nor Falerne Vine, nor Persian Sent.

Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

Ode II.

Ad Amicos.

Pueri à teneris annis paupertati, militiæ & vitæ laboriosæ sunt assuefaciendi.

Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat, & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hasta,
Vitamque sub dio, & trepidis agat
In rebus. illum ex mœnibus hostica
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Prospiciens, & adulta virgo,
Suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacessat regius asperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cædes.
DVLCE & decorum est pro patria mori.
Mors & fugacem persequitur virum:
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.
Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ, intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis aurę.

Why

Why Pillars proud, should I erect,
Or Gall'rie of new architect?
Why should I Sabine's Countrey-Grange,
For much more busie wealth exchange?

Ode II.

To his Friends.

Boyes are to be enured from their tender age, to poverty, warfare, and painfull life.

Let th'able youth, himselfe enure
By sharp wars taught, want to endure;
And mounted on his horse, with speare,
Confront bold Parthians, free from feare:
Let him expos'd to open aire,
Live, and attempt the hard'st affaire:
Whom when some warlike Tyrant's Queene
Or Virgin marriage-ripe hath seene,
A farre from hostile walls, may cry
With sighes, which from sad passion fly;
O, that my royall Lord, untrain'd
In martiall feates, would be restrain'd,
Not By fierce Combat's fatall stroke,
That wrathfull Lyon to provoke,
Whom bloudy Anger's direfull rage,
In thickest slaughters doth engage.
„ It is a sweet, and noble gaine,
„ In Countrey's quarrell to be slayne.
Death the swift flying man pursues
With ready steps: Nor doth he vse
To spare from unavoyded wrack,
Youth's supple hammes, or fearefull back,
Vertue, that ne're repulse admits,
In taintlesse honours, glorious fits,

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negata tentat iter via:
Cœtúsque vulgares, & udam
Spernit humum fugiente penna.
Est & fideli tuta silentio
Merces. Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat phaselum. Sæpè Diespiter
Neglectus, incesto addidit integrum:
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

Ode III.

Vir virtute præditus nihil extimescit. Oratio Iunonis de Troja eversa, de bello Trojano finito, deque Imperio Rom. à Trojanis initium capturo.

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida: neque Auster,
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Iovis manus,
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
Hac arte Pollux, & vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas:
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.
Hâc te merentem Bacche pater tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes. Hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit:

Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities,
Raisd with the noyce of vulgar cryes.
Vertue (to worth heav'n opening wide)
Dauntlesse, breakes thorough wayes deni'd.
And (taught) the Rabble to despise,
Forsaking Earth to Heav'n flyes.
Yea trusty Silence is not barrd,
From having a deserv'd reward.
He, who to blab the holy Rites,
Of secret Ceres Phane delights,
Vnder the same Rooffe shall not be,
Nor in fraile vessell sayle with me.
"Oft *Iove* neglected makes the Iust
"To smart with those are stayn'd with lust:
"Seldome Revenge, though slow of pace,
"Leaves ill fore-going men to trace.

Ode III.

A Man with vertue adorned feareth nothing. Iuno's *oration of Troyes overthrow, and the end of that warre. And how the Roman Empire shall take beginning from the Trojans.*

THe just, and constant man, who firmely stands,
No proud insulting Citizens commands,
Nor angry brow of wrathfull Tyrant's threat,
Hath power to shake from solid vertues seat.
Not the South-winds, which stormy Adria stirre,
Nor potent hand of thund'ring *Iupiter*:
Yea should the world dissolved perish quight,
The sodaine ruines would him not affright.
Thus anciently, the wandring *Hercules*,
And *Pollux*, did the fiery Turrets seaze:
Twixt whom *Augustus* plac'd, with rosy lips,
Nectar, the Gods eternall liquor, sips.

Gratum

Gratum elocutæ consilianibus
Iunone Divis. Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis, incestusque judex,
Et mulier peregrina vertit
In pulverem, ex quo destituit Deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi,
Castæque damnatum Minervæ
Cum populo, & duce fraudulento.
Jam nec Lacænæ splendet adulteræ
Famosus hospes: nec Priami domus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit:
Nostrisque ductum seditionibus
Bellum resedit. Protinus & graves
Iras, & invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,
Marti redonabo. Illum ego lucidas
Inire sedes, ducere nectaris
Succos, & adscribi quietis
Ordinibus patiar Deorum.
Dum longus inter sæviat Ilion,
Romámque Pontus, qualibet exsules
In parte regnanto beati:
Dum Priami, Paridisque busto
Insultet armentum, & catulos fera
Celent inultæ: stet Capitolium
Fulgens, triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.
Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, quà medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro,
Quà tumidus rigat arva Nilus:
Aurum irrepertum, & sic melius situm,
Cùm terra celat, spernere fortior,
Quàm cogere humanos in usus,
Omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

Thus

Thus the God *Bacchus*, high his worth did reare,
By Tygers drawne, untaught the yoke to beare:
With this art *Romulus* on *Mars* his steeds,
From Stygian Lake to heav'nly glory speeds.
What time the Gods consulting, *Juno* said
"In gratefull Accents, Thus; Troy, now betrayd,
"A fatall, and incestuous Iudge hath burnd,
"And a strange woman into Ashes turnd.
"Ev'n from the time, that *Priam's* waiward fire
"Bereft the righteous Gods their promis'd hire,
"Was Troy (by me and *Pallas* ill contemn'd)
"With Prince, and people unto flames condemn'd.
"Now the knowne guest of that adul'trous Dame
"Which fled from Greece, hath lost his noble Name;
"And *Priam's* perjur'd stock, with *Hector's* ayd
"No more shall make the warlike Greekes affrayd.
"The bloudy warres, which our seditions fed,
"Are now compos'd, and fury banished:
"My enmity 'gainst *Mars*, henceforth Ile leave,
"And *Ilia's* Race will into grace receive:
"Whom I to Heav'ns bright mansions will admit,
"To drinke of Nectar, and with Gods to sit:
"So the vast sea, twixt Troy and Rome may rore,
"Raigne happy banish'd men on any shore:
"So heards o're *Priam's* Tombe, and *Pari's* stray,
"And beasts preserve their young from Hunters prey.
"Let the bright Capitoll it's glory spread,
"And Rome gives lawes unto the conquer'd Mede.
"Yea, may she, her farre dreaded name extend,
"And with the Earth's remotest confines end;
"Where the Mid-streame, Europe from Affrick bounds,
"Or swelling *Nilus*, wat'reth fertile grounds.
"Rome abler farre, to scorne gold, yet unfound,
"(Which best is plac'd, when deepest under ground,)
"Then to extract it thence for humane use,
"(Each hand things sacred soyling with abuse.)

Quicunque

Quicunque mundi terminus obstitit,
Hunc tangat armis, visere gestiens
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Quæ nebulæ, pluviique rores.
Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hac lege dico, ne nimium pii,
Rebusque fidentes, avitæ
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.
Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Iovis & sorore.
Ter si resurgat murus aheneus
Auctore Phœbo, ter pereat meis
Excisus Argivis, ter uxor
Capta virum puerosque ploret.
Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ.
Quò Musa tendis? desine pervicax
Referre sermones deorum, &
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Ode IV.

Poeta se à multis periculis Musarum ope ereptum fuisse dicit, omnibúsque malè cessisse qui adversum Deos aliquid moliri voluerint.

Descende cœlo, & dic agè tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos,
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus citharâve Phœbi.
Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire, & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos & aquæ subeunt & auræ.

"What limits of the world ſo e're contend,
"Let thither Rome, her armes victorious ſend.
"Glad to behold, where the burnt Zones do ſtand,
"Or clowdy Poles, which ſhowry dewes command.
"But to th'utmoſt unvanquiſh'd Roman ſtate,
"On this condition I preſcribe this Fate,
"Leſt they too pious, and indulgent yeeld,
"The ruind walls of ancient Troy to build.
"Yet if that Fortune by unhappy chance,
"Should once againe decayed Troy aduance,
"I, wife, and ſiſter of *Iove*, Heaven's King,
"With armed Troups, would new deſtruction bring.
"If thrice a brazen wall, by *Phebus* hand
"Should reared be, it thrice by my command,
"The Greekes ſhould raze, and thrice the captive wife
"Her child and husband mourne, depriu'd of life.
But theſe things nothing fit my ſportive lyre;
Muſe, whither tend'ſt thou? Ah! doe not aſpire,
The Gods diſcourſe, thus boldly to relate,
Or great things with low layes extenuate.

Ode III.

Horace *affirmeth himſelfe to be freed from many dangers by the helpe of the muſes, and that it hath fallen out ill with all thoſe, who ſought to doe any thing againſt the Gods.*

* GReat Queene *Calliope*) from heaven deſcend,
And on thy ſhriller flute ſweet Notes extend,
Or gently ſing with voyce accented ſharpe,
Or tunefull Lira, or *Apollo's* Harpe.
Harke, doe you heare her, or doth me deceive
Some pleaſing madneſſe; I my ſelfe conceive
I heare her, and doe walke thoſe ſacred Groves,
Where Chryſtall waters glide, ſoft Zephir roves,

Me

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatúmque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre. Mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicumque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ,
Saltúsque Bantinos, & arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti,
Vt tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem, & ursis: ut premererfacra
Lauróque, collatáque myrto,
Non sine Diis animosus infans.
Vester, Camænæ, vester, in arduos
Tollor Sabinos: seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ.
Vestrus amicum fontibus & choris,
Non me Philippis versa acies retrò,
Devota non extinxit arbos,
Nec Sicula Palinurus unda.
Vtcunque mecum vos eritis, libens
Insanientem navita Bosphorum
Tentabo, & arentes arenas
Littoris Assyrii, viator.
Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum:
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.
Vos Cæsarem altum, militia simul
Fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
Finire quærentem labores,
Pierio recreatis antro.
Vos lene consilium & datis, & dato
Gaudetis almæ. Scimus ut impios
Titanas, immanémque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit caduco,

Whilst

Whilſt, I, a child from tatling Nurſe did ſtray
Vpon Apulian mountaines, and with play,
And ſleepe was overcome (as Boyes will be)
Turtles, with verdant boughes did cover me.
It was a thing miraculous to thoſe,
Whom loftie Acherontia's walls encloſe,
And ſuch as dwell in Bantine's forreſt wide,
Or in fat fields of low Ferentum bide;
How I a ſilly Infant, not affraid,
Should ſafely ſleepe by God's protecting aid,
Free from the Viper, and the Beare that ſtrayes,
Cover'd with Myrtle branch and holy Bayes.
Yours (Muſes) yours I am, whither advanc'd
To Sabine hils, or ſweetly am entranc'd
In coole Prænеſte, or in Tybur reſt,
Or Baiæ, with health-giving waters bleſt.
Not th'Armie at Philippis vanquiſh'd quite,
Nor fatall Tree, nor *Palinurus* ſpite
Fix'd in Sicilian Sea, extinguiſh'd me,
A vowed friend to your Societie.
When you at any time with me reſide,
I, as a Mariner will paſſe the tide
Of the rough Boſphor-ſtraights, and wayes explore,
Over the parched ſands of Lybia's ſhore.
Ile 'mongſt inhoſpitable Britons goe,
The horſe-bloud-quaffing Concan I will know:
Ile to the quiver-bearing *Gelons* hie,
And over Scythian Tanais, feareleſſe, flie.
You in Pierian Cave doe entertaine
Magnifique *Cæſar*, glad to end the paine
Of toyleſome armes, ſo ſoone as wearie bands
He, to a winter ſtation commands.
You mild advice affoord, and much rejoyce,
(Mild as you are) when it becomes our choyce.
We know the Gyants, and their monſtrous crew,
He, with impetuous thunder overthrew,

Qui terrem inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, & urbes, regnáque tristia,
Divósque mortalésque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo.
Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Iovi,
Fidens, juventus horrida, brachiis,
Fratrésque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.
Sed quid Typhœus, & validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
Quid Rhœtus, evulsísque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax,
Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc matrona Iuno, &
Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,
Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta, natalémque sylvam
Delius & Patareus Apollo.
"VIS consilii expers mole ruit sua,
"Vim temperatam dii quoque provehunt
In majus: idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.
Testis mearum centimanus Gyges
Sententiarum notus, & integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virgineæ domitus sagittâ.
Injecta monstris terra dolet suis:
Mœrétque partus fulmine luridum
Missos ad orcum: nec peredit
Impositam celer ignis Ætnam:
Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Relinquit ales, nequitiæ additus
Custos: amatorem trecentæ,
Pirithoüm cohibent catenæ.

Who

Who the dull Earth, and tempeſt-toſſed Seas,
Cities, and Hell's ſad Kingdomes doth appeaſe,
And with the equall power of a juſt Law,
Doth Gods above, inferior Mortals aw.
The horrid monſters truſting proper might,
Did *Iupiter* himſelfe with feare affright;
They all conſpiring with rebellious will,
To fix darke *Pelion* on Olympus hill.
But what could vaſt *Typhæus*, *Mimas* ſtout,
What proud *Porphyrion* with all his ſtrout,
What *Rhætus*, what *Enceladus* great heart,
Able torne trunks of mightieſt Trees to dart,
Againſt the force of *Pallas* glitt'ring ſhield?
Here greedy *Vulcan* preſent help did yeeld:
There ſtaid Majeſtique *Iuno*, and in ſight
Ever with Bow, and Quiver ready dight
The God of Patara, and Delos ſtood,
Who with pure waters of Caſtalian Flood
Bedewes diſhevell'd haire, walks Lycian groves,
And thorow the woods that bred him, gently roves.
"Strength, voyd of Counſell ſinks with proper weight:
"The Gods raiſe temp'rate force to greater height,
"And hate with juſt diſpleaſure ſuch as ſtrive,
"In cankred hearts, black miſcheife to contrive.
Witneſſe of theſe aſſertions with me
The hundred-handed well knowne *Gyges* be,
And thou who tempted'ſt *Dian* free from ſtaine
(Orion) with a virgin arrow ſlaine.
Earth, with her monſters buffered doth grone,
And grieves her children are with thunder throwne
Downe to deepe Hell, nor hath Fire's waſtfull power
Beene able pond'rous Ætna to devoure.
Nor doth the Vultur (ſinnes ſtrict laylour made)
Ceaſe, *Tytius* luſtfull liver to invade,
And many hundred ſtraighteſt fetters, tie
Pyrithoüs, who lov'd immodeſtly.

ODE

ODE V.

Divi Augusti laudes, Crassi vituperium, Reguli constantia, & ad Pœnos reditus.

Cælo tonantem credidimus Iovem
Regnare: præsens divus habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio, gravibúsque Persis.
Milésne Crassi conjuge Barbara
Turpis maritus vixit? & hostium
(Pró Curia, inversique mores!)
Consenuit, socerorum in armis,
Sub rege Medo, Marsus, & Apulus,
Anciliorum, nominis & togæ
Oblitus, æternaque Vestæ,
Incolumi Iove, & urbe Roma?
Hoc cavérat mens provida Reguli,
Dissentientis conditionibus
Fœdus, & exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum:
Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris, & arma
Militibus sine cæde (dixit)
Derepta vidi: vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia líbero,
Portásque non clausas, & arva
Marte coli populata nostro.
Aura repensus scilicet acrior
Miles redibit. Flagitio additis
Damnum: neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco:

QDE

Ode V.

The prayses of Augustus, *disprayse of* Crassus *constancy of* Regulus, *and his returne to the Carthaginians.*

WE thundring *Iove* believe in heav'n to raigne,
And as a God on Earth will entertaine
Augustus, who to Empire unconfin'd
The Brittons, and fierce Persians hath adjoyn'd.
Hath *Crassus* souldier with a Barbarous wife
Liv'd husband, subject to a slavish life?
(Oh Senate, Shamefull manners) midd'st his foes
(Her Kinred) *Appulus*, and *Marsus* growes
Decrepit, and to Media's King doth yeeld,
Forgetfull of his Honour, Robe, and Shield;
Yea Vesta's living Fire, while *Iove* yet raignes,
And Rome in former safely still remaines.
'Gainst this with care did *Regulus* provide,
Whose manly heart conditions base deny'de,
And such example, which in time to come
Might draw destruction on the state of Rome,
Should not the Captive Troupes unpittyed dy.
"I Enfignes did in Punique Phanes descry,
"And weapons saw (said he) from souldiers ta'ne
"Without a stroke: Armes writhed back againe
"Behind free Cittizens; Gates opened wide,
"And those fields till'd, our warres had earst destroy'd
"Fresh strength (perhaps) the souldier will enflame
"Redeem'd with Gold: Fie, losse you adde to shame!
"The whitest wooll if once it suffer stayne;
"Lost native Candor never gets againe;
"Nor reall vertue, when it loseth force,
"Desires to be restor'd by men growne worse,

Nei

NEC vera virtus, quum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnat extricata densis
Cervа plagis, erit ille fortis,
Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus?
Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,
Qui lora restrictus lacertis
Sensit iners, timuitque mortem?
Hic unde vitam sumeret inscius,
Pacem duello miscuit, ó pudor,
O magna Carthago probrosis
Altior Italiæ ruinis.
Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
Parvósque natos, ut capitis minor
A se removisse, & virilem
Torvim humi posuisse vultum:
Donec labantes consilio patres
Firmaret autor nunquam alias dato,
Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul.
Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet. Non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem,
Quàm si clientum longa negotia
Dijudicata lite relinqueret,
Tendens Venafranos in agros,
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

Ode VI.

Ad Romanos.

De moribus sui sæculi corruptis.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues
Romane: donec templa refeceris

"If (happily) the Hind from snare set free
"The Hunter wound, becommeth valiant hee
"Who yeelds himselfe to faithlesse Enemies?
"Or winnes he Carthage with new victoryes,
"Who coward-like felt heavy chaines to tye
"His galled armes, and was affraid to dye?
"He ignorant from whence he life should take,
"Twixt peace, and warre did base commixtion make.
"(O shame) (great Carthage) whose high Titles rise,
"From our Hesperian scorned miseries.
They say he did his wife, and sonnes deny
Their fare-well Kisse, as if Captivity
Had made him lesse, nor his firme Countenance
Did sternly looking downe from Earth aduance,
Till mover he of Councell never knowne,
Had fram'd the Senate's sentence to his owne.
And as a noble Exile crown'd with worth,
'Mongst Teares of wayling friends did hasten forth
And though he knew what Torments were design'd,
By cruell Torturers to bloud inclin'd;
Yet he soft melting friends dimiss'd away,
And those, who did his prompt returne delay,
As if he left a Clyents tedious cause.
When Sentence were pronounced by the lawes,
And gladly to venafrum did repaire,
Or sweet Tarentum fields to take the Ayre.

Ode VI.

To the Romans.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

ROman, resolve, thou shalt desertlesse tast,
Sinnes scourge, for vice of Predecessor past.

Adesque

Ædesque labentes deorum, &
Fœda nigro simulachra fumo.
Diis te minorem quòd geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ.
Iam bis Monæses, & Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros: & adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidet.
Penè occupatam seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus & Æthiops:
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.
Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primùm inquinavere, & genus, & domos.
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populúmque fluxit.
Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & fingitur artibus
Iam nunc: & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.
Mox juniores quærit adulteros
Inter mariti vina: neque eligit
Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis:
Sed jussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito: seu vocat institor,
Seu navis Hispanæ magister
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.
Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico:
Pyrrhúmque, & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalémque dirum.
Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus

Until thou doſt againe repaire
Decayed Temples, and make faire,
The falling houſes of the Gods, diſgrac'd,
And cleanſe their Images, with ſmoke defac'd.
To thinke thee leſſe than Gods, thy power commends;
Hence take Beginnings, hither ayme thy Ends.
The Gods neglected, many woes
On Italy diſtreſſed, throwes.
Twice *Pacorus*, and twice *Moneſes* hand,
Our inauſpicious armed troupes disband:
Who with a plentious prey made glad,
To little chaines more linkes doe add.
The Dacian and the Æthiop fierce in warres,
Hath almoſt raz'd the Citie, rent with jarres:
One with his Navy formidable,
With Darts the other better able.
This age in vice abounding, firſt begins
Chaſt ſtocks, and Nuptialls to pollute with ſinnes;
The woes which from this fountaine flow,
People, and Countrey overthrow.
The Maid for Marriage ripe, much joyes to learne
Ionick Dances, and can well diſcerne
With Art to faine, and quickly prove,
The pleaſures of vnlawfull love.
Straight, made a wife in midd'ſt of Husbands Cups
She with young Gallants, and Adulterers ſups;
Nor cares to whom ſhe yeelds by ſtealth,
(When lights are out) loves lawleſſe wealth.
But ask'd doth riſe (her knowing Husband by)
To proſtitute her marriage-modeſty;
At Factors call, or Pillots hire,
Of luſtfull ſhame, a coſtly buyer.
That youth came not from ſuch Fore-fathers ſtrayne
Who did the ſea with Punick bloud diſtayne:
Not by ſuch hands did *Pirrhus* fall,
Antiochus, nor *Hannibal*.

 verſas

Versare glebas, & severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes: sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.
Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

Ode VII.

Ad Asterien.

Consolatur eam de viri sui absentia mœstam, monétque ut fidem conjugalem ei datam servet.

Quid fles Asterie quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii,
Thyna merce beatum
Constanti juvenem fide
Gygen? ille notis actus ad Oricum,
Post insana Capræ sydera, frigidas
Noctes non sine multis
Insomnis lachrymis agit.
Atqui sollicitæ nuntius hospitæ,
Suspirare Chloën, & miseram tuis
Dicens ignibus uri,
Tentat mille vafer modis.
Ut Prætum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis

But in those dayes a brave, and manly Race
Of ruſtick Souldiers lived in this place,
Well skill'd in Plough, and Sabine ſpade,
And ſo to ſtrict obedience made,
That if ſharpe mothers bade, at their returne
They on their ſhoulders brought loggs hew'd to burne,
When *Phebus* changed had the mountaine's ſhade
And weary unyoak'd Oxen homeward made,
And that night gave their Toyle, diſpenſe,
Chaſing the ſunne's bright Chariot hence.
"What waſteth not with Time's devouring Rage?
"Our Fathers life, much worſe than Grandſires age,
"Sees us more wicked, to produce
"An off-ſpring fuller of abuſe.

Ode VII.

To Asterie.

He comforteth her, who was ſad for the abſence of her huſband, and adviſeth her to preſerve conjugall loyalty.

For conſtant *Gyges*, why doſt thou complaine
(*Aſterie*) whom ſoft winds will bring againe
Fraught with Bythinian merchandize,
When the firſt beuties of the ſpring ariſe?
He driv'n to Oricus by Southern ſtorme,
Whilſt the Gote's furious ſigne doth Seas a larme,
Waſt's ſolitary nights, alone,
Turmoyl'd (Alas) with frequent mone.
Meane while the meſſenger of buſie Love,
Tries many wily wayes how him to move,
Saying *Chloë* ſighes with hearts deſire,
And burneth with thy proper fire.
He telleth how a treacherous woman brought,
The credulous Pretus (by faign'd treaſon wrought)

Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.
Narrat pænè datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens:
Et peccare docentes
Fallax historias monet
Frustra. Nam scopulis surdior Icari,
Voces audit adhuc integer: at tibi
Ne vicinus Enipeus
Plus justo placeat, cave:
Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
Æquè conspicitur gramine Martio:
Nec quisquam citus æquè
Tusco denatat alveo.
Prima nocte domum claude, neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ,
Et tesepè vocanti
Duram, difficilis mane.

Ode IX.

Ad Lydiam.

Dialogus est de præteritis amoribus, eisdemque renovandis.

Hor. *Donec gratus eram tibi,*
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat:
Persarum vigui, rege beatior.
Lyd. *Donec non aliam magis*
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen:

In

Into unripe'ned death to caſt
Bellerophon the purely chaſt.
He ſhewes how *Peleus*, Hell approached nigh,
While he (unſtain'd) *Hippolite* doth fly,
And witty ſtories bringeth in
That teach the ready way to ſin.
In vaine: For he more deafe than hardeſt rocks,
Unmov'd at all, his eare from paſſion locks.
But take good heed, leaſt more than fit,
Thou, love of *Enipeus* admit.
Though well in Martian field we underſtand,
His horſe none mannageth with more command;
Or any dares, who beſt can ſwim
In Tuſcan ſtreame, compare with him.
Shut in, thy doores, when firſt it groweth darke,
Nor from thy window to ſhrill Muſick harke:
And ſtill be of obdurate mind,
To him, who ſayes thou art unkind.

Ode IX.

To Lydia.

A Dialogue of his paſſed loves, and renewing of them againe.

This Ode, *though leſſe moral than the reſt, I have admitted for* Iulius Scaliger's *ſake, who much admireth it.*

HOR. WHil'ſt I was pleaſing in thine Eye,
Nor any to thy heart more nigh,
Claſp'd that white neck in amorous Ring,
More bleſſ'd I liv'd, then Perſia's King.
LYD. Whil'ſt you no other Fire embrac'd,
Nor *Chlöe* before *Lydia* plac'd.

Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.
HOR. *Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,*
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ sciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcant animæ fata superstiti.
LYD. *Me torret face mutua*
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.
HOR. *Quid, si prisca redit Venus,*
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?
LYD. *Quamquam sydere pulchrior*
Ille est, tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adria:
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

ODE XI.

Ad MERCVRIVM.

Mercurium rogat ut cantus sibi dictet quibus animum Lydes flectat in ejus amorem, propositâ Danaidum fabula.

MErcuri (nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo)
Tuque testudo, resonare septem
Callida nervis:

(Nec loquax olim, neque grata, nunc &
Divitum mensis & amica templis)
Dic modos, Lydæ quibus obstinatas
Applicet aures,

I *Lydia* then with honour sign'd,
More than the Roman *Illia* shin'd.
HOR. Now *Thracian Chloë* I obay,
Skillfull, and prompt in Musick's lay:
For whom I will not feare to dy,
So Fate to her the same deny.
LYD. *Calais, Ornithus* sonne doth fire,
My heart with flames of like desire:
For whom I twice to dye will dare,
So Fates, the youth surviving spare.
HOR. But what if ancient Love returne,
And us with mutuall passion burne:
If I shake off bright *Chloë's* hope,
And doores to scorned *Lidia* ope?
LYD. Though he be brighter than a starre,
And lighter thou than Corke by farre;
More angry than rough *Adria*; I,
With thee would live, with thee would dy.

ODE XI.

To MERCURY.

He entreateth Mercury, *to furnish him with musicall notes, wherewith he may dispose Lydes heart to love, Telling the Tale of the Danäides.*

MErcury): For taught by thy Song
Amphion drew the stones along)
And thou (O lute) which now affords
Sweet aiery straynes on seav'n-fold Cords:

Erst silent, and by all refus'd,
But now in Feasts, and Temples us'd,
Notes dictate, which th'obdurate eare
Of *Lyde*, may attentive heare.

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim: metuítque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, & adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

Tu potes Tigres, comitésque sylvæ
Ducere, & rivos celeres morari.
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Ianitor aulæ

Cerberus: quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter, saniésque manet
Ore trilingui.

Quin & Ixion Tityósque vultu
Risit invito: stetit urna paullum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
Carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus, atque notas
Virginum pœnas, & inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo:
Seráque fata,

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco
Impiæ. Nam quid potuêre majus?
Impiæ sponsos potuere duro
Perdere ferro.

Vna de multis face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendidè mendax, & in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum.

Surge, (quæ dixit juveni marito,)
Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde

Who

Who, as a Colt in open playnes
Wantonly skips, nor entertaines
The touch of man, or Marriage-aw,
As yet for ſportive Husband raw.

Thou Tygers canſt tame with thy lay,
Make woods to waite, ſwift Rivers ſtay:
To thy ſoft notes in tunefull verſe
Loud *Cerberus* (Hell's Porter fierce)

Submits, All though his direfull head
With hundred Snake's encompaſſed,
And noyſome breath with bloudy drops
Flow from his Triple-tongued chaps.

Nay *Tytius*, and *Ixion* ſmile
Againſt their wills; whilſt you beguile:
Danaüs daughters with ſoft Rime,
Their Tubbs ſtand empty for a time.

Let *Lyde* heare the wicked ſtayne
And Virgins moſt deſerved paine;
Their urne unfilled, labour croſt,
And water in the bottome loſt.

And puniſhment enſuing, tell,
Which waites on ugly ſinne in Hell.
Oh wicked ones! what greater ill?
(Caytiffes!) They durſt their Husbands kill.

One, 'mongſt the reſt, worthy the ſtile
Of marryed wife, did well beguile
Her perjur'd Father, and ſhall be
Famous to all Poſterity.

Who to her husband ſaid, Ariſe,
And leſt a long ſleepe ſhut thy eyes,

Non times, detur: socerum, & scelestas
Falle sorores.

Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos leænæ,
Singulos (eheu) lacerant. Ego illis
Mollior, nec te feriam, nec intra
Claustra tenebo.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quòd viro clemens miseroque peperci:
Me vel extremos Numidiarum in agros
Classe releget:

I, pedes quò te rapiunt & auræ:
Dum favet nox & Venus: i secundo
Omine: & nostri memorem sepulchro
Scalpe querelam.

Ode XIV.

Ad Populum Rom.

Hæc Ode laudes continet Augusti ex Hispania devictis Cantabris revertentis.

Herculis ritu modò dictus, ô plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum,
Cæsar, Hispana repetit penates
Victor ab ora.

Unico gaudens mulier marito,
Prodeat, justis operata divis:
Et soror clari ducis, & decoræ
Supplice vitta

Of

Of which thou doſt no feare conceive,
Siſters, and wicked Sire deceive.

Who are as Lyoneſſes bent,
Piece-meale ſurpriſed calues to rent;
But I much better rectifi'de,
Will thee nor kill, nor cloſely hide.

For me my Father chaines prepare,
'Cauſe I a forlorne Husband ſpare:
Let him to rough Seas me convay,
In farre Numidian fields to ſtray.

Goe thou where Speed, and winds permit,
Whilſt Night, and *Venus* favour it:
Goe proſperouſly, and be thy Doome,
To write this Story on my Toombe.

Ode XIIII.

To the Roman people

This Ode *contayneth the prayſes of* Auguſtus *returning out of Spaine, after his Conqueſt over the Cantabrians.*

GReat *Caſar* who is ſaid to goe,
Like *Hercules* againſt his foe
To purchaſe Bayes by death, againe
Victorious is return'd from Spaine.

The wife that's with one husband Pleas'd,
Let her come forth, the Gods appeas'd.
Octavia, Caſar's Siſter, Haſte,
And mothers with your daughters chaſte.

Virginus

Virginum matres, juvenúmque nuper
Sospitum. Vos ó pueri, & puellæ
Jam virum expertæ, malè nominatis
Parcite verbis.

Hic dies verè mihi festus atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.

I, pete unguentum puer, & coronas
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli:
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa:

Dic & argutæ properet Neæræ
Myrrhaum nodo cohibere crinem:
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium & rixæ cupidos protervæ.
Non ego hoc ferrem, calidus juventa,
Consule Planco.

Ode XVI.

Ad Mæcenatem.

Auto omnia patent, Horatius verò contentus est suâ sorte unde beatus existit.

Inclusam Danaën turri ahenea,
Robustéque fores, & vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris:

Arcer'd

Attir'd in modeſt veile, appeare,
And ſonnes returned ſafe, draw neere:
You Boyes, and you new married trayne
Of wives, from evill words abſtaine.

From me this new made Holy day
Black ſullen cares ſhall take away:
Nor feare I in great *Ceſar's* raigne
By force, or tumult to be ſlaine:

(Boy) crownes, and unguents now prepare,
And veſſell kept, ſince Marſian warre,
If any ſuch conceal'd hath beene
By wandring *Spartacus* not ſeene.

Let hither ſhrill *Neæra* hie,
And haire perfum'd in treſſes tie:
But if the Porter make delay
With churliſh anſwere; Haſt away.

White hoary haires temper the mind,
To braules, and quarrells earſt inclin'd:
This in youth's heate I could not brooke,
When *Plancus* charge of Conſull tooke.

Ode XVI.

To Mæcenas.

All things ly open to Gold, but Horace is content with his owne Fortune, whereby he is made happy.

Doores ſtrongly barred, and a Brazen Tower,
With carefull Gard of waking doggs had power,
From night-Adulterers to have ſecur'd,
Faire *Danäe* in ſtony walls immur'd,

Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum, Iupiter & Venus
Risissent. Fore enim tutum iter & patens,
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et per rumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum
Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, & subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.
" *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,*
Majorúmque fames. Iure perhorrui
Latè conspicuum tollere verticem,
Mæcenas, equitum decus.
" *Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,*
A diis plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto: & transfuga, divitum
Partes linquere gestio:
Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,
Quàm si, quicquid arat non piger Apulus
Occultare meis diceret horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.
Puræ rivus aquæ, silvaque jugerum
Paucorum, & segetis certa fides meæ,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit sorte beatior.
Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis:
Importuna tamen pauperies abest:
Nec si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam:

Had

Had not slie *Iove*, and *Venus* both, betray'd
Acrisius, fearefull keeper of the Maid:
For they the way knew safe, open the Hold,
Were but the God once turned into Gold.
More strong than Thunder, Gold, tho. ough armed foes,
Thorough garded Towers of stone, and Bulwarkes, goes.
The Argive Augur's house, with all his state,
Desire of Gaine did wholy ruinate.
With gifts the *Macedonian* did subdue
Strong Citie gates, and proud Kings overthrew.
Sea-men are snar'd with gifts, and golden store:
"Care growing wealth pursues with thirst of more.
Then (deare *Mæcenas*) well may I detest
To vaunt my selfe with high erected crest.
"How much the more man doth himselfe deny,
"So much the more the Gods will him supply.
I, poore in state, seeke those that nought desire,
And, flying, farre from rich mens Tents retire,
And better live, Lord of a slender store,
Than, were I said to hoard upon my floare,
What the *Apulian* painfully hath till'd,
And in great wealth be poore, and never fill'd.
My streame of waters pure, my little Copps;
My certaine hope of happy fruitfull Cropps,
He understands not, as a better chance,
Who Empire in rich Affrick doth advance.
Though me, Calabrian Bees no honey give,
Nor wines in Læstrigonian Vessells, live
Till Age make good the Tast: Though no man knowes,
That my rich fleece in fertile Gallia growes:
Yet from me craving Poverty doth fly,
Nor should I aske you more, would you deny.
I, better will with limited desire,
Pay *Cæsar* little Tributes, than aspire
By greatnesse, to unite the Phrygian plaine,
To *Attat's* ample state, and Princely raigne

Quàm si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattici
Campis continuem. MVLTA petentibus
Desunt multa. Benè est, cui Deus obtulit
Parca, quod satis est, manu.

Ode XXIII.

Ad Phidilen.

Dii puris manibus & conscientia vitæ benè actæ sunt colendi.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidile,
Si thure placâris, & horna
Fruge Lares, avidâque porca:
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fecunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
Rubiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.
Nam quæ nivali pascitur Algido
Devota, quercus inter & ilices:
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis
Victima, pontificum secures
cervice tinget. Te nihil attinet
Tentare multa cæde bidentium,
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore Deos, fragilique myrto.
Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
Mollibit aversos Penates,
Farre pio, & saliente mica.

'Who much desire, want much: He richly lives
'T'whom God, with sparing Hand (sufficient) gives.

Ode XXIII.

To Phidile.

The Gods are to be honoured with pure hands, and the testimony of a well spent Age.

* IF (rurall *Phidile*) at the Moone's arise
To Heav'n thou list thy hands in humble wise?
If thou with sacrifice thy Lars wilt please,
Or with new fruit, and greedy swine appease,
Thy fertile Vinyard shall not suffer blast
From pestilent South, nor parching dew be cast
Upon thy Corne, nor shall thy children deare,
Feele sickly fits in Autumne of the yeare.
It is the long vow'd victime, which is fed
'Mongst Holmes, and Okes on snowy Algid's head,
Or which in fat Albanian Pastures grew,
That shall the Priest's sharpe Ax with bloud embrew.
To thee, who petty Gods dost magnify,
With Myrtle branch, and strig of Rosemary,
It nothing appertaines their feasts to keepe
With frequent slaughter of the fattest sheepe;
If thy hand, free from ill the Aultar touch
Thou shalt th'offended Gods appease as much
With guift of sparkling Salt, and pious meale,
As if thou vowes with costly victimes seale.

Ode

Ode XXIV.

In divites avaros.

In tactis opulentior
Thesauris Arabum, & divitis Indiæ,
Cæmentis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis, & mare Ponticum:
Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira necessitas
Claves: non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedies caput.
Campestres melius Scythæ,
(Quorum plaustra vagas ritè trahunt domos)
Vivunt, & rigidi Getæ,
Immetata quibus jugera liberas
Fruges & Cererem ferunt:
Nec cultura placet longior annua:
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens:
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adulterο:
Dos est magna, parentium
Virtus, & metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas:
Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.
O quisquis volui impias
Cædes, & rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quæris, pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam,
Clarus posigenitis: quatenus (heu nefas)

Ode XXIIII.

Against covetous rich men.

* Admit thou richer wert by farre
Than th'Arabs untouch'd Mines, or Indies are:
Say, with deepe piles thou land maist gaine
From the Tyrrhenian, and large Pontique mayne:
Since Fate 'gainst greatest men prevayles,
Transfixing them with Adamantine nayles,
Thy mind with feares perplex'd must be,
Nor canst thou from death's snares thy life set free.
The Savage Scythians better live,
Who in their Carts, unconstant dwellings drive
And rigid Getes, whose common ground
Doth in full store of Corne, and fruit abound,
And love their tillage to extend,
No farther than the yearely season's end:
So as whilst one man weary lyes,
The next succeeds, and with like paine supplies.
There stepdames rule in peacefull aw,
And mix no poyson for their sonnes in law.
Nor wife, though rich, her husband swayes,
Or to Adulterers spruce her selfe betrayes.
"A vertuous Parent ever gives
" A plenteous Portion with his child, who lives
"Constant to one, and others flyes,
" Fearefull of sinnes, for which the guilty dies.
Oh, who desires to take away
All impious slaughters, and each civill fray:
If he the Citie's Father, care,
On statues to be stil'd. Ah! let him dare
(So shall he future glory gaine)
Loose liberty with bridle to restraine.

Virtutem

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.
Quid triſtes querimoniæ,
Si non ſupplicio culpa recidit ?
Quid leges ſine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt ? ſi neque feruidis
Pars inclusa caloribus
Mundi, nec Boreæ finitimum latas,
Duratæque ſolo nives
Mercatorem abigunt ? horrida callidi
Vincunt æquora nautæ ?
Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis, & facere, & pati,
Virtutiſque viam deſerit arduæ.
Vel nos in Capitolium,
Quò clamor vocat, & turba faventium :
Vel nos in marc proximum
Gemmas, & lapides, aurum & inutile,
Summi materiam mali,
Mittamus. Scelerum ſi bene pœnitet :
Eradenda cupidinis
Pravi ſunt elementa : & teneræ nimis
Mentes aſperioribus
Formandæ ſtudiis, neſcit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet, ludere doctior,
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetita legibus alea.
Cum perjura patrui fides
Conſortem ſocium fallat, & hoſpitem,
Indignóque pecuniam
Hæredi properet : ſcilicet improbæ
Creſcunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ neſcio quid ſemper abeſt rei.

For,

For, vertue (preſent) we deſpiſe,
And much admire it taken from our eyes.
What need Complaints be ſadly ſpent,
If vice be not cut of with puniſhment?
What profit lawes in vaine compos'd
Without good lives; If neither climes expos'd
To parched heats, nor northern ſtarre,
Nor ſnow hard cruſted, can the merchant ſcarre?
Skill'd marriners, th'rough rough Seas fly?
The greateſt imputation (Poverty)
Bids us doe That, or ſuffer This,
Yet doth the painfull way of vertue miſſe.
Then goe we to the Capitoll,
Where vulgar voyce, and Troups, of friends doe call:
Or let us in next Sea be bold,
Our gems, and pretious ſtones, with fruitleſſe gold,
The rootes of many ills to caſt.
If thou wilt fully ſinnes repentance taſt,
Let this firſt ſcope thy thoughts inſpire
To raze the Elements of foule deſire:
And in minds tender, apt to ill,
Seeke thou the ſharpeſt ſtudies to inſtill.
Youth nobly borne, as yet untri'de,
Feares hunting Sport, and ſpeedy Horſe to ride?
Farre better Skill'd Greeke Tops to ply,
Or Dice, which ancient Roman lawes deny:
Whilſt his falſe Syre, with cunning wiles,
His fellow-neighbour, and his Gueſt beguiles,
And all this, that he may prepare
Great heapes of riches, for his worthleſſe heire.
Thus, though vile riches grow: yet will
Something to our weake ſtate be wanting ſtill.

Ode

Ode XXVII.

Ad Galateam navigaturam.

Dehortatur eam præcipuè ab exemplo Europæ.

Impios parræ recinentis omen
Ducat, & prægnans canis, aut ab agro
Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino
Fœtaque vulpes:

Rumpat & serpens iter institutum,
Si per obliquum similis sagittæ
Terruit mannos: ego cui timebo,
Providus auspex?

Antequam stantes repetat paludes
Imbrium divina avis imminentum,
Oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
Solis ab ortu.

Sis licèt felix ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri Galatea vivas:
Teque nec lævus vetet ire picus,
Nec vaga cornix:

Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
Pronus Orion? ego, quid sit ater
Adriæ, novi, sinus: & quid albus
Peccet Iapyx.

Hostium uxores puerique cæcos
Sentiant motus orientis Hædi, &
Æquoris nigri fremitum, & trementes
Verbere ripas.

Ode XXVII.

To Galatea, *ready to take ship,*

He dissuadeth her, especially by the example of Europa.

LEt wicked men be ushr'd by
The Iay's repeated Augury;
Let a bagg'd Bitch, Wolfe from the Plaine,
Or full womb'd Fox them onward traine,

Let twining Serpents stop their way
Which gliding thwart, their Horse affray.
But for whom should I fearefull bee,
That things to come can well fore-see?

The showre-devining Crow I'le bring
By vowes, from thence where Day doth spring,
Early, before his flight he takes
Back to the standing Pooles, and Lakes.

(Deare *Galatea*) happy be,
Where e're thou art, and thinke of me;
Nor may the wood-peck, or the Crow
Themselves upon thy left hand shew.

But doe you see, how as hee sets
Orion shakes? What Adria threats
When his black billowes swell, I know,
And what a bright west doth fore-show.

Let our foe's wives, and Brats lament,
The storme-begetting Kid's assent;
The Surges noise, when most they rore,
Or thund'ring waves, that shake the shore.

Sic

Sic & Europe niveum doloso
Credidit tauro latus, & scatentem
Belluis Pontum, mediasque fraudes
Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, &
Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ
Nocte sublustri, nihil, astra præter,
Vidit & undæ.

Quæ simul centum tetigit potentem
Oppida Creten: Pater ô relictum
Filiæ nomen, pietisque dixit
Victa furore.

Vnde? quò veni? levis una mors est
Virginum culpæ. Vigilansne ploro
Turpe commissum? an vitiis carentem
Ludit imago

Vana, quæ portæ fugiens eburnæ
Somnium ducit? meliusne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum
Dedat iratæ: lacerare ferro, &
Frangere enitar modò multum amati
Cornua tauri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates,
Impudens Orcum moror, ô Deorum
Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones.

Antequàm turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas, teneræque succus

When faire Eurora thr'ough the Mayne,
Truſted a Bull, which *Love* did faigne,
She was affrighted at the rout
Of Sea-Beaſt's, and fraud's round about.

She (late) who flow'ry meades did traee,
And promis'd Garlands made, to grace
The Nimphes; Now in a glimmering night,
Of nought, but ſtarres, and waves hath ſight.

So ſoone, as unto Crete ſhe came
(Father ſhe cry'd) Alas! That name
I have forſaken: Duty's fled,
By giddy raſhneſſe baniſhed.

Whence? whither am I come? Too ſmall
Is ſingle death, for Virgin's fall.
Doe I (awake) true Crimes bewayle?
Or doe falſe dreames my heart aſſaile?

Falſe dreames, which paſſe th'Ivory Gate,
Whether wasit a better ſtate,
To croſſe the Sea, or walke the field,
And crop thoſe ſweetes the ſprings doth yeeld?

Oh! might I ſee the wicked ſteere
While anger laſts, his fleſh I'de teare
With crooked hookes; or madly mov'd,
Would breake his hornes, whom (late) I lov'd.

Shameleſſe, I was from home to ſtray,
Shameleſſe, why doe I death delay:
You Gods that heare (grant) naked I
May Lyons meete, and by them dye.

Before deformed meagernesſe,
My cheekes of Bewty diſpoſſeſſe,

Desinat prædæ, speciosa quæro
Pascere tigres.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens:
Quid mori cessas? potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zona bene te secuta
Lædere collum.

Sive te rupes & acuta leto
Saxa delectant: age, te procellæ
Crede veloci: nisi herile mavis
Carpere pensum,

Regius sanguis: dominæque tradi
Barbaræ pellex. Aderat querenti
Perfidùm ridens Venus, & remisso
Filius arcu.

Mox ubi lusit satis, Abstinete
Dixit, irarum, calidæque rixæ,
Quum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus.

Vxor invicti Iovis esse nescis?
Mitte singultus: bene ferre magnam
Disce fortunam: tua sectus orbis
Nomina ducet.

Ode XXVIII.

Ad Lyden.

Hortatur Lyden diem Neptuno sacrum in potu & cantu hilariter transigere.

Feste quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? prome reconditum

Or juyce of tender youth decay,
Let me become the Tygers prey.

(*Europa*) thy neglected Syre
Commands; why doſt thou life deſire?
Come; Hang thy ſelfe upon this Tree,
With girdle fitly brought by thee.

But if thou more delight'ſt to throw
Thy Limbes from rocks, thy life beſtow
On ſtormy waves; unleſſe thou minde
Thy ſelfe to ſervile taskes to binde,

And borne a Queene, a whore to ſome
Husband of barbarous Dame become.
Her, *Venus* ſmiling, heard lament,
And, Love, her ſonne, with bow unbent.

But when enough with her ſh'ad plaid,
Abſtaine from mood, and Rage ſhe ſaid;
The hated Bull ſhall bring his Horne,
To thee at pleaſure to be torne.

Know'ſt thou not how to wield the ſtate
Of great *Iove's* wife? Thoſe grones abate,
And learne t'embrace thy ample Fame;
The parted world ſhall beare thy Name.

Ode XXVIII.

To Lyde.

He perſwadeth Lyde *to ſpend the day dedicated to* Neptune, *pleaſantly.*

On *Neptunes* feaſt what elſe doe we?
Swaight (*Lyd*) broach, and bring to me

Lyde strenua Cæcubum:
Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiæ.
Inclinare meridiem
Sentis: ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.
Nos cantabimus invicem
Neptunum, & virides Nereïdum comas:
Tu curva recines lyra
Latonam, & celeris spicula Cynthiæ:
Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon,
Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas, & Paphon
Iunctis visit oloribus.
Dicetur merita Nox quoque nænia.

Ode XXIX.

Ad Mæcenatem.

Invitat eum ad cœnam hilarem, publicis curis omissis.

Tyrrhena regum progènies, tibi
Non ante verso lene merum cado
Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, &
Pressa tuis balanus capillis
Iamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ:
Ne semper udum Tibur, & Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, &
Telegoni juga parricidæ.
Fastidiosam desere copiam, &
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum, & opes strepitúmque Romæ.
Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub Lare pauperum

Cæcubian

Cæcubian wines laid up in ſtore,
And let ſtrong wiſedome ſway no more.
Thou ſeeſt 'tis Mid-time of the Day,
And yet, as if ſwift houres did ſtay
A But thou ſpar'ſt, was Cellars-ſtall'd,
When *Bibulus* was Conſull call'd.
With mutuall ſongs wee'l Neptune pleaſe,
And the greene-hair'd Nereides.
On crooked Lyre ſing thou with Art,
Latona, and ſwift *Cynthia's* dart:
Whilſt our laſt ſtrayne her praiſe unfolds,
Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds:
And *Paphos* with payr'd Swans doth view;
The Night ſhall likewiſe have his due.

Ode XXIX.

To Mæcenas.

He inviteth him to a merry Supper, laying publique cares aſide.

O H my *Mæcenas*, ſprung from royall ſtraine
Of Tyrrhen Kings; Behold, I doe retaine,
Long ſince by me reſerved to be thine
A veſſell, yet unbroach'd of milder wine:
Soft roſie flowers, for thee I will prepare,
And ſupple unguents, preſſed for thy Hare.
Then fly delayes, and doe not ſtill behold,
The hill-declining Æſula, and cold
Moyſt Tybur's Towne: nor let thy eyes abide
On cliffs of *Telegon*, the Parracide.
Goe from thy loathed ſuperfluity,
And Towers to racking Cloudes confining nigh:
And leave to heare ſucceſsfull Rome reioyce,
In ſmoaky Hopes, much wealth, and vulgar voyce.

Cœnæ, sine aulæis & ostro
Solicitam explicuere frontem.
Iam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Ostendit ignem. Iam Procyon furit,
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos.
Iam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Silvani: carétque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
Curas: & urbi sollicitus, times
Quid Seres & regnata Cyro
Bactra parent, Tanaïsque discors.
"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus:
Ridétque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet. Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus: cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etrusci
In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
Stirpésque raptas, & pecus, & domos
Volventis unà, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque silvæ:
Quum fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
Lætúsque deget, cui licet, in diem,
Dixisse, vixi: cras vel atra
Nube polum, pater, occupato,
Vel Sole puro. Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retrò est, efficiet: neque
Diffinget, infectúmque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.
Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,

To Great men, Changes oft times greatefull are;
And under humble rooffes, neate, frugall fare,
Without rich Hangings, or gay Purple ſtate,
Doth the moſt carefull brow to mirth dilate.
Now bright Andromedas refulgent Syre
Shewes to this under-world, his hidden Fire:
Now Procyon, and the raging Lyon ſwayes,
And Phebus brings forth dry, and parched dayes.
The Shepheard tyr'd, with his faint flock doth hie,
To find coole ſhades, or trembling Current nigh,
And rough *Silvanus* thickets: while the ſhore
Becalmed ſtands, from winds tumultuous rore.
Meane time the good of Rome in mind you beare,
And for her much ſolicitous, doe feare,
What Seres plot, or *Bactria Cyrus* ſtate,
Or *Tanais* wayward dweller perpetrate,
"All-knowing God, with cloudy night doth cloſe
"Events of future times, and laughs at thoſe
"Who beyond reaſon feare: Thy preſent ſtate,
See then with equall mind thou moderate.
All els runnes on, like to a River's ſource,
Which in the middle channell of his courſe,
Now to the Tyrrhene Sea in ſilence ſtrayes;
But when fierce Torrents quiet Rivers raiſe,
He then in heapes rowles downe with dreadfull ſound
Stones billow-gnawne, and trees torne from the ground,
With houſe, and Cattell borne along the flood,
Frighting the hills with noyſe, and neighbouring wood.
He, Maſter of himſelfe, lives merry dayes,
Who (this day) I have lived truly ſayes;
To morrow (*Iove*) with black cloudes heav'n embrace,
Or let the Sun ſhew forth his golden face.
Yet notwithſtanding God will not agree
That what is paſſed once, not done ſhall bee:
Nor what the once ſwift-ſliding houre hath wrought,
Will he unfaſhion'd make, or bring to nought.

Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit: & mea
Virtute me involvo, probámque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.
Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere: & votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ,
Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
Aura feret, geminúsque Pollux.

Ode XXX.

Ad Melpomenen Musam.

Horatius Lyricos versus scribendo æternam gloriam est consecutus.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius:
Quod non imber edax, aut Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar: multáque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego posteræ
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
Dicar, quà violens obstrepit Aufidus,
Et quà pauper aquæ Daunus, agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens

Fortune

Fortune in adverſe chances, ſportive ever,
And bold in ſcornfull paſtime to perſever,
Transferreth her uncertaine honours; Now
To me propitious, inſtantly to you.
I praiſe her while ſhe ſtayes; but if ſhee ſhake
Her fleete wings, I'le reſtore what I did take:
And me with mine owne vertue will inveſt,
Making thin honeſt Poverty my gueſt.
Tis not for me in prayer time to waſt,
when wracking Southern wind hath rent the Maſt,
And bargaine with the Gods my Tyrian goods
May not enrich the wealth devouring floods;
When I into ſuch dangerous hazard fall,
The wind, and *Pollux* with his Brother, ſhall
Convey me in a Boate with double Oare,
Safe, tho'rough Ægean billowes to the ſhore.

Ode XXX.

To Melpomene.

Horace *hath obtained eternall glory by writing of Lyrick verſes.*

A Monument by me is brought to paſſe,
Out-living royall Pyramids, or Braſſe,
Which neither ſhall conſuming rayne abate,
Nor force of Nothern Tempeſts ruinate:
Nor yeares (though numberleſſe): Nor Times ſwift ſtart.
I will not wholly die; my better part
Shall ſcape the Sullen Hearce: Bright Fame ſhall raiſe
My memory renew'd, with future praiſe:
Whilſt in the Capitoll the Prieſt aſcends
With veſtalls pure, whom ſilence ſo commends.
I (though) of humble ſtrayne willbe declar'd,
The firſt, and ableſt too, that ever dar'd.

Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, & mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens Melpomene comam.

Finis Libri tertii.

Æolian antique measures to reduce,
To the soft numbers of a Roman Muse.
Where Aufidus with wrathfull streame doth rore,
Or Daunus poore in waters, reigneth o're
Rough Barbarous Nations. Take to thee a Name,
Which best (*Melpomene*) may suite thy fame:
And be thou pleas'd, thy vowed Poet prayes,
To crowne my head with wreathes of Delphick bayes.

The End of the Third Booke.

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber quartus.

ODE II.

Ad IYLVM ANTONIVM, M. ANTONII Triumviri filium.

Antiquos Poetas imitari periculosum est.

PIndarum quisquis studet æmulari, Iule, ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina Ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore:

Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis:

ODES

ODES OF *Horace.*

The fourth Booke.

ODE II.

TO IVLVS ANTONIVS Sonne of M. ANTONIVS the Triumvir.

It is dangerous to imitate ancient Poets.

WHo *Pindarus*, with pen elate
(O *Iulus*) ſtrives to imitate,
Like him, who waxen wings did frame,
Shall give the glaſſe-like Sea a name.

Fiery, Immenſe, profound he flowes
As from a mountaine tumbling goes
A Torrent fed with ſhowers, flyes o're
The well knowne limits of the ſhore.

Apollo's Bayes are due to him,
Whither new words ſwolne to the brim,
He (bold) thr'ough Dythirambicks throw,
Where every word doth looſely flow;

Seu

Seu Deos, regésque canit, Deorum
Sanguinem: per quos cecidere justa
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ
Flamma Chimæræ:

Sive quos Eléa domum reducit
Palma cœlestes: pugilémve equúmve
Dicit, & centum potiore signis
Munere donat:

Flebili sponsæ juvenémve raptum
Plorat: & vires, animúmque morés-
-que aureos deducit in astra, nigró-
-que invidet Orco.

Multa Dirceum levat aura cygnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus: ego, apis Matinæ
More modóque,

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Concines majore poeta plectro
Cæsarem, quandóque trahet feroces
Per sacrum clivum, merita decorus
Fronde Sicambros:

Quo nihil majus meliúsve terris
Fata donavêre, bonique divi:
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeunt in aurum
Tempora priscum.

Concines lætósque dies, & urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato

Whether

Whether Gods, Kings, or Gods allies
He chant, who by a iuſt ſurpriſe,
The Centaures vanquiſh'd, and ſuppreſt
Chimæra's dreadfull flaming Creſt.

Or whether he thoſe Worthyes ſing,
Who home th'Omlipique palme doe bring,
Footman, or Horſe; His gift is ſuch,
No hundred Statues are ſo much.

The Brides deare ſpouſe (for whom ſhe cryes)
If he deplore; Above the skies
His courage he extolls, and gives
Such life, that (Maugre Hell) he lives.

A gallant blaſt doth raiſe on high
The Theban Swan: (O *Anthony*)
Whilſt to the clouds he ſoares, I flow
Bee-like am fluttering here below.

Thorough woods I fly, and labour ſore
Collecting Thyme; and on the ſhore
Of liquid Tyber, I with paine
Make verſes of a lower ſtraine.

Thou Poet-like ſhalt *Cæſar* ſing
With ſtronger lines, when he ſhall bring
(With Lawrell crownd) by'th ſacred way
Fierce Germans, forced to obay.

Greater than him, or better, none
The Fates have ſent; Nor ever one
Propitious Gods ſhall give, though wee
The ancient golden-Age might ſee.

Sing thou the Citie's publique Playes,
Sing feſtivalls, Triumphant dayes,

Forth

Fortis Augusti reditu, forúmque
Litibus orbum.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars: & ô sol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare fœlix.

Túque dum procedis, Io triumphe,
Non semel dicemus, Io triumphe,
Civitas omnis: dabimúsque divis
Thura benigna.

Te decem tauri, totidémque vaccæ,
Me tener solvet vitulus relicta
Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
In mea vota.

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum.
Quà notam duxit, niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.

Ode III.

Ad Melpomenen.

Natus est Horatius ad artem Poeticam, cujus beneficio immortalem gloriam est consecutus.

Quem tu Melpomene semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris:
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem, neque res bellica Deûs

And

And all the Courts, aboliſh'd Iarres
At *Cæſar's* comming from the warres.

My voyce's beſt part then I'le bring
(If worth the hearing aught I ſing)
And glad for *Cæſar's* preſence ſay,
Oh glorious, Oh renowned Day!

While thou go'ſt on, with cheerefull voyce
I, and the Citie will rejoyce
With words of Triumph: *Cæſar* live,
And Incenſe to the Gods wee'l give.

Ten Bulls, ten Kine thy debt ſhall pay,
A tender Calfe ſhall mine defray,
Which in rich Soyle, ta'ne from the Cow,
Growes neare a Heyfer for my vow.

Vpon whoſe head you may behold
Hornes, like the Moone at three dayes old;
With ſtarre Snow-white; though he be red,
His curled front's embelliſhed.

Ode III.

To Melpomene.

Horace is borne to Poetry, by whoſe ayd he hath obtained immortall glory.

ON whom (*Melpomene*) with mild aſpect
Thou ſhalt thy favour at his birth reflect,
No Iſtmian labour ſhall on high him reare
With wraſters title, nor ſwift horſes beare
On Grecian Chariot drawne (for victors meed)
In pompous Triumph; nor for warlike deed,

Ornatum

Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quòd regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Oſtendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur ſoboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros:
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.
O teſtudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ ſtrepitum Pieri temperas:
O mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cigni, ſi libeat, ſonum:
Totum muneris hoc tui eſt,
Quòd monſtror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
Quod ſpiro, & placeo (ſi placeo) tuum eſt.

Ode IV.

Ad urbem Romam de indole Druſi, ejúſque inſtitutione ſub Auguſto.

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem,
(Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permiſit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganimede flavo)
Olim juventas & patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inſcium:
Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,
Inſolitos docuere niſus
Venti paventem: mox in ovilia
Demiſit hoſtem vividus impetus:
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ:

Crowned

Crowned with Delian Bayes shall he ascend
The Capitoll, for that he durst offend,
And breake the swelling threates of hostile Kings:
But rather those soft falling gentle springs,
Which wash rich Tybur, and Groves thickly growne,
Shall make his worth in Lyrick verses knowne.
Rome (Queene of Cities) doth no whit disdaine,
Me, for the Muses sake to entertaine
Amongst soft Quires of Poets; where I sit,
And now am lesse with carping Envy bit.
Tis thou that dost into the golden Lyre,
With sweetest notes, harmonious ayre inspire:
Tis thou who into fishes mute, (O Muse)
Can'st the soft Swan's delicious song infuse.
It wholy is a gift deriv'd from thee,
That with his finger each that passeth, me
The Roman Lyrick Harper doth dessigne.
That I doe breath, and please (if please) is thine.

Ode IV.

To the Citie of Rome concerning the towardlinesse of Drusus, as also his education under Augustus.

HA'y'seene the Princely bird, that th'row the skies
At *Iove's* command with fiery lightning flies;
Of all the winged crew ordain'd the head,
For faithfull service to his *Ganimed?*
Whom youth and native vigor forth have drawne
Labours to try, which were before unknowne,
And those soft windes, that fan the lively spring,
Have taught with feare, his new flight's mannaging.
When he rays'd with a generous Courage flyes
Into the fields, his strength to exercise:
Or 'gainst fell Dragons, that like force doe vie,
Is train'd, by hope of food, and victory.

Qualemve

Qualémve lætis caprea pascuis
Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere
Iam lacte depulsum leonem,
Dente novo peritura videt:
Videre Rhœti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem & Vindelici: quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli:
(Nec scire fas est omnia) sed diu
Lateque victrices catervæ,
Consiliis juvenis revictæ,
Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Nerones.
"FORTES creantur fortibus, & bonis:
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam:
Rectique cultus pectora roborant,
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.
Quid debeas ô Roma Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, & Asdrubal
Devictus, & pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus alma risit adorea:
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Seu flamma per tædas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.
Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit: & impio
Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
Fana deos habuere rectos:

Ha'y' ſeene a Lyon, new-wean'd from the teate
Of yeallow damme, who' Goat, intent to meate
Spying in verdant fields, reſolveth ſtraight
On him his youthfull jawes to ſatiate.
Like them was *Druſus* in the Rhetians fight,
And their Confederate-Vandalls, in the fight
Wag'd neere the towr'ing Alpes. I aske not why
Like Amazons theſe Nations Axes ply,
And wield with boyſt'rous armes: nor may we know,
Nor can, the proper cauſe of each thing ſhew.
It doth ſuffice! The Conquerours long, and farre
Defeated; yeeld to this youth's skill in warre.
They felt what wits, and forward mindes could doe,
Brought up in happy Pallaces there too:
And what the tender care *Auguſtus* us'd,
Into the youthfull *Nero's* had infus'd.
From valiant Fathers, valiant Sonnes doe ſpring,
As ſteeds, and Steeres their in-bred courage bring
From their begetters. Feareſull Doves are food,
Not off-ſpring of the hardy Eagle's brood.
To native force, Force diſcipline imparts,
Right education better armes our hearts:
Let Nurture want, and men though nobly bred,
wanting their chieffeſt grace, are blemiſhed.
Metaurus dy'de with Punique gore doth ſhew,
And *Asdrubal's* defeate, what Rome doth ow
To the fore-going *Neroes*, and the day
Which Latium cheer'd, and firſt drave night way.
The day firſt grac'd with ſtile of fortunate,
Since *Hannibal* ſo ſhooke the Roman ſtate;
And paſs'd th'rough all, as flames th'rough dry piles fly,
Or Eaſterne windes th'rough ſtraights of Sicily:
Since which the Roman youth to warfare bred,
In brave atchievments ſtill have flouriſhed;
And righteous Gods their Temples now enjoy,
Which Punique warres did impiouſly deſtroy.

Dixitque

Dixítque tandem perfidus Hannibal,
Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultrò, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere eſt triumphus.
Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuſcis æquoribus, ſacra,
Natoſque maturóſque patres
Pertulit Auſonias ad urbes:
Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animúmque ferro.
Non Hydra ſecto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem:
Monſtrúmve ſummiſere Colchi
Majus Echioniæve Thebæ.
Merſes profundo, pulchrior evenit:
Luctere, multa proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem: gerétque
Prælia conjugibus loquenda.
Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam ſuperbos; occidit, occidit
Spes omnis & fortuna noſtri,
Nominis, Aſdrubale interempto.
Nil Claudiæ non efficient manus:
Quas & benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, & curæ ſagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.

Tyr'd with our armes falſe *Hannibal* did ſay:
"We (Harts, ordain'd for greedy wolves a prey)
"Doe follow thoſe, whom to deceive, and fly
"To us might be accounted victory.
"A Nation that renowm'd for valour, came
"From ſack of Troy, from burned Illium's flame,
"And toſs'd on rough Hetrurian Seas, at laſt
"In Italy, Gods, Syres, and Children plac'd.
"Like ſpreading Holmes in Algidus that grow,
"Where ſhady trees their ſable Branches ſhow,
"If cut by harder Ax, doe more abound,
"Receiving life, and vigor from the wound.
"Nor *Hydra* ſtrucken, more her ſtrength renew'd
"'Gainſt *Hercules*, who ſcorn'd to be ſubdew'd:
"No greater wonder Thebes, or Colchos ſhowes,
"Where ſlaught'red monſters yeelded living foes.
"Throw him as low, as poſſible you may,
"More vigorous he riſeth: ſtrength aſſay,
"He foyles his freſh Antagoniſt; His fight,
"A ſubject is for matrons to receit.
"Carthage, no more ſhall heare my victoryes;
"Gone, Gone are hopes, yea poſſibilityes
"Of Conqueſt: when great *Aſdrubal* was ſlaine,
"My fortune di'd; ſince then, reputed vaine:
The power of *Claudius* all things can effect,
Whom mighty *Iove* doth graciouſly protect:
His weighty projects, and cares peircing farre,
Prevent all dangers of the ſharpeſt warre.

Ode

Ode V.

Ad Avgvstvm.

Vt tandem in urbem redeat.

Diuis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Cvstos gentis, abes jam nimium diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto concilio, redi.
Lucem redde tuæ dux bone patriæ,
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit, populo gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.
Vt mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii transmaris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
Dulci distinet a domo,
Votis omnibúsque & precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem littore dimovet:
Sic desiderijs icta fidelibus,
Quærit patria Cæsarem.
Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, almáque Faustitas:
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:
Culpari metuit fides:
Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
Mos, & lex maculosum edomuit nefas:
Laudantur simili prole puerperæ:
Culpæ pœna premit comes.
Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythen?
Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit
Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare? quis feræ
Bellum curet Iberiæ?

Ode V.

To Avgvstvs.

That now at length he would returne into the City.

THou *Cæsar*, from the Gods propitious sprong,
(Our best preserver) ar't away too long.
Performe thy promise to the sacred Court
Of Rome's grave Senate; Let thy stay be short.
(Great *Cæsar*) to thy Country render light;
For like the cheerefull spring, the onely sight
Of thee, brings to the people joyfull dayes,
And makes glad *Phebus* shine with brighter rayes.
Like as a Mother (when the Southern wind
Her Sonne with envious Tempests hath confind
Beyond the billowes of Carpathian straights
More than a yeare): His home-returne awaights
With vowes, and prayers; And the Gods implores,
Her eye not stirring from the crooked shores:
So strucken with their faithfull hearts desire,
Thy Countrey (*Cæsar*) doth thy selfe require.
Behold the Ox, safe, wanders up and downe;
Ceres, and bright Felicity doe crowne,
And feed the Land. Th'rough Seas by *Neptune* tam'd
The Saylers fly. Faith feareth to be blam'd.
No chast house with Adulterie's defil'd;
Custome, and law, hath spotted sinne exil'd.
For sonnes like Syres, the Mothers we commend.
" Companion-Punishment doth vice attend.
Who feares the Parthian now, or Scythian bold,
Or Monsters, which rough Germany doth hold:
Yea *Cæsar* being safe, who will regard
That fierce Iberia stands for Armes prepar'd?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduam ducit ad arbores:
Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum.
Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
Defuso pateris: & Laribus tuum
Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris,
Et magni memor Herculis.
Longas o utinam dux bone ferias
Præsles Hesperiæ: dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
Cum sol Oceano subest.

Ode VII.

Ad L. Manlivm Torqvatvm.

Omnia tempore mutantur, jucundè igitur vivendum est.

Diffugêre nives: redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ.
Mutat terra vices, & decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt.
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres monet annus, & almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver proterit æstas,
Interitura simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: & mox
Bruma recurret iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, & Ancus,
Pulvis & umbra sumus.

Eac

Each man within his owne hills shuts up day,
And 'bout the widdow-Elme doth vines display;
Then frolike to his free carouses falls,
And thee a God, in's second Cups he calls.
With many prayers, he doth his yowes enflame,
And powres full goblets out unto thy Name;
Thy God-head seeking with his Lars to please,
As Greece their *Castor*, and great *Hercules*.
(Good *Cæsar*) render long repose we pray
To glad *Hesperia*; This we (sober) say
When day first breakes: This moystned, when to rest
The Sun invites us, waning in the west.

Ode VII.

To Lvcivs Manlivs Torqvatvs.

Since time changeth all things, let us live merrily.

NOw Snowes are quite dissolv'd, fresh grasse we see
To fields return'd, and leaves to every Tree.
Earth changeth hew; The swelling waters sinke,
And with soft current glide within their brinke.
Aglaia, naked, dares upon the ground,
With nymphes, and her two Sisters dance arround.
Hope not in mortall things, so yeares doe say
So warne the houres, which circumvolve the day.
Soft westerne-windes, on winter mildnesse bring,
Soone with'red Summer, weareth out the Spring,
Then mellow Autumne, powres his fruits amaine,
And instantly dull winter turnes againe.
Yet speedy Moones these heavenly harmes restore,
But when we hence depart, where, gone before
Rich *Tullus*, good *Æneas*, *Ancus* stay,
We are but dust; and shadowes pass'd away.

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora dii superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Quum semel occideris, & de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non Torquate genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum:
Nec Lethea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

Ode VIII.

Ad Martivm Censorinvm.

Nihil est, quod homines magis immortales reddere possit, quàm Poetarum carmina.

Donarem pateras, grataque commodus
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum: neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres: divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas:
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Soler's nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
Sed non hæc mihi vis: non tibi talium
Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus: carmina possumus
Donare, & pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus: non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorsum Hannibalis minæ,

Who knoweth, whether the Cæleſtiall powers,
Will add to this day's ſumme, to morow's howers.
Your greedy Heyre in nothing ſhall haue part
Of what you (living) gaue with bounteous heart:
But when you once are dead, and powers diuine,
To you, an equall ſentence ſhall aſſigne;
Nor bloud (*Torquatus*) then, nor fluent veine,
Nor Piety, can life reſtore againe:
For neither chaſt *Hippolitus*, was free
By *Dyan* ſet, from Hell's obſcurity;
Nor for his deare *Pyrithöus*, the paines
Of *Theſeus* could diſſolve Lethæan chaines.

ODE VIII.

TO MARTIVS CENSORINVS.

There is nothing which can more immortalize men, than Poet's verſes.

I Would to friends giue freely (*Cenſorine*)
Pieces of richeſt Plate, and Bowles for wine,
Three-footed Tables (valiant Greekes reward)
Nor from my choyceſt gifts ſhould you be barr'd,
Were I with Artfull figures furniſhed,
Which *Parrhaſe* drew, or *Scopas* pourtrayed.
In colours That, in ſtone This other bold,
A Man ſometimes, ſometimes a God to mould.
But I haue not this power: Nor doe ſuppoſe,
Your wealth, or wiſh, wants ſuch delights, as thoſe;
You verſes loue, for verſe we make a ſhift,
And know what price to ſet on ſuch a gift:
Not Marbles, with deepe Characters engrav'd,
By which to valiant Captaines life is ſav'd,
And ſpirit after death: Not ſpeedy flight,
Nor threats of *Hannibal*, reiected quite:

Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus, qui domitam nomen ab Africa
Lucratus redit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quàm Calabræ Pierides: neque
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid faret ille
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus & favor & lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
DIGNVM laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cœlo Musa beat. Sic Iovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

ODE IX.

Ad LOLLIVM.

Scripta sua nunquam interibunt: virtus, sine carminum ope oblivione delctur. Lollii laudes ille cantabit, cujus virtutes etiam celebrat.

NE fortè credas interitura quæ
Longè sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non antè vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis.
Non, si priores Mæonius tenet,
Sedes Homerus, Pindarica latent,
Cæaque & Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique graves camœnæ:

Not flames of Carthage better sound his praise,
Who did his name from conquer'd Affrick raise,
Then *Ennius* Muse: Nor we receive just meed,
If paper tell not, what we bravely did.
What would become of *Mars*, and *Ilia's* brood
If spitefull silence, *Romulus* with stood?
The strength, and grace of Poets powerfull wit,
Makes *Æacus* in fields Elysian sit
Snatched from Stygian floods. "Muses deny,
"A man deserving praise should ever dy.
"Muses give Hea'ven: So dantlesse *Hercules*
In *Iove's* wish'd banquets doth his Palate please;
Castor, and *Pollux'es*, bright starre redeeme,
Storme-beaten vessells, when they shipwrack'd seeme.
And *Bacchus* brow, adorned with verdant vine,
Doth happy issue, to our vowes assigne.

Ode IX.

To Lollius.

His writings shall never dy: Vertue without the helpe of verses is forgotten. He will sing the praises of Lollius, *whose vertues he will likewise celebrate.*

THinke not those layes of mine shall ever die,
Which borne neere Ausidus loud current; I
With Art unpractised by those fore-went
Have made with Chords harmoniously consent.
Although *Mœonian Homer* high'st aspire,
Yet must not *Pindarus*, nor *Ceus* fire,
Alcæus sharper Muse, nor weighty strayne
Of grave *Stesichorus* obscur'd remaine.

Nec, si quid alim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas. Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
Non sola comptos arsit adulteri
Crines, & aurum vestibus illitum
Mirata, regalesque cultus
Et comites, Helene Lacæna:
Primusque Teucer tela Cydonio
Direxit arcu: non semel Ilios
Vexata, non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus, Sthenelusque solus
Dicenda Musis prælia. Non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerisque primus.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte: carent quia vate sacro.
"PAVLVM sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impunè, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, & secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus:
Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ:
Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
Iudex honestum prætulit utili, &
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu: & per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma

Nor

Nor though *Anacreon* earst sang sportive verse,
Can Time his living memory reverse.
The love doth still survive, the Heate respire
That breathed in the Lesbian *Sappho's* Lyre.
Bright *Helen* not alone did love conceive,
On crisped haire of her Adulterer:
Nor did she his gay tissued robes admire,
His spruce Companions, and his rich attire.
Teucer was not the first, whose shafts prevaild
From Cretan bow; Nor Troy, but once assaild.
Idomeneus, nor *Sthenelus*, alone,
Fought combats fit by Poets to be showne.
Fierce *Hector*, nor *Deiphobus*, deceiv'd,
Are not the first, who deirefull wounds receiv'd
For chastity of wives, or children deare.
'Fore *Agamemnon* many valiant were.
But unlamented all, unknowne they pine
In tedious night, who want a Muse divine.
"Small distance twixt concealed vertue lyes,
"And sluggish life lost in obscurities.
My (dearest *Lollius*) I will not permit,
That thou unhonoured in silence sit,
And suffer pale Oblivion to deface,
Those painfull labours thou dost oft embrace.
Thy prudent mind, which Sees by Reason's light,
Stands in adverse, and prosperous Times upright:
Revengeth greedy Fraud, becomes not thrall
To love of money, which attracteth all;
Makes thee no annuall Consull for a yeare,
But as a just good Iudge thou dost appeare,
Who Honesty preferres, and hating Gaine,
Reiects the gifts of guilty with disdaine;
And breaking thorow troupes, which stop the way,
Doth victor-like triumphant Armes display.
Call not those happy, who in riches flow,
But terme them truely blest'd, who wisely know,

Non possidentem multa, vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati:
Pejúsque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

Ode XII.

Ad Virgilium.

Describit veris adventum, & Virgilium ad convivium sub conditione invitat.

Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ:
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
Hyberna nive turgidi.
Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infœlix avis, & Cecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobrium, quòd malè barbaras
Regum est ulta libidines.
Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Custodes ovium carmina fistula:
Delectántque deum, cui pecus & nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent.
Adduxere sitim tempora Virgili:
Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere.
Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.

The gifts to use, which God doth freely give,
And grudging not at wants, contented live;
Who ugly sinne more dread, than horrid death,
And dare for friends, or Countrey spend their breath.

Ode XII.

To Virgil.

He describeth the approach of the Spring, and inviteth Virgil to a Banquet under condition.

South windes, the spring attending still,
Now Seas becalme, and Sayles doe fill:
Now Frosts make not the Meadowes hore,
Nor winter-Snow, Swolne Rivers rore.
The luckless Bird her nest doth frame,
Bewailing *Itys*, and the shame
Of *Cerops* house, and that so ill,
On Kings rude Lust, the wrought her will.
The shepheards of rich flocks rehearse,
And to their pipes chant rurall verse:
Seeking his God-head to appease,
Whom flocks, and hills Arcadian please.
These times doe thirsty seasons send;
But if (thou *Virgil*) *Cæsar's* friend,
Calenian wines desir'st to trie,
To me with fragrant unguents hie,
And purchase with a little Box,
Wine, which *Sulpitius* safely locks,
New hopes most powerfull to create,
And bitter cares to dissipate:

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tua
Velox merce veni. Non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plena dives ut in domo.
Verùm pone moras, & studium lucri:
Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.
Dulce est desipere in loco.

Ode XIII.

In Lycen *Meretricem vetulam.*

Insultat ei mordacissimè quòd jam anus facta & libidine flagrans contemnitur à juvenibus.

Audivere, Lyce, Dii mea vota, Dii
Audivere, Lyce, fis anus, & tamen
Vis formosa videri:
Ludisque & bibis impudens:
Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis &
Doctæ psallere Chiæ
Pulchris excubat in genis.
Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus: Et refugit, te quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugæ
Turpant, & capitis nives.
Nec Coæ referent jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec clari lapides, tempora quæ semel
Notis condita fastis,
Inclusit volucris dies.
Quò fugit Venus? (heu) quòve color decens?
Quò motus? quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi,

To

To which content if thou agree,
Stay not, but quickly come to mee:
I'le not (free coſt) my Cups carrouſe,
As rich men in a plenteous houſe.
Then leave delayes, and gaine's deſire,
And mindfull of Black Funerall fire,
"Short follie mix with Councells beſt.
" 'Tis ſweet, ſometime to be in jeſt.

Ode XIII.

Againſt Lyce.

Who being old, is become a ſcorne to young men.

THe Gods have (*Lyce*) heard my vow,
My vow is heard. Th'art old, yet thou,
Faine wouldſt (forſooth) be counted faire,
And quaffe, and wanton with the ayre:
And (drunk) with trembling voyce invite
Slow *Cupid*, who takes more delight,
On *Chia's* roſie cheekes to ſtay,
Youthfull, and skill'd in Muſick's lay.
He reſtleſſe with ſwift motion flyes
From with'red Okes; and from thee hies,
Whom rotten teeth, and wrinckled face,
And head of ſnowy haier, diſgrace.
Nor can bright *Coan* Purple's uſe,
Or brighteſt gems, the Time reduce,
Which once ſwift-winged Age hath clos'd,
In publique Calenders diſpos'd.
Where is thy beuty fled? Ay me!
Thy coulour freſh, and motion free?
What haſt thou left of that, entire,
Which earſt enkindled amorus Fire?

Felix

Fulix post Cynaram, notáque & artium
Gratarum facies? sed Cynaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt:
Servatura diu parem
Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen:
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

Ode XIV.

Ad Avgvstvm.

A Senatu populóque Romano honores Augusto tribui non possunt, qui virtutes ejus æquare valeant.

Qvæ cura patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas
Auguste virtutes in ævum
Per titulos memoresque fastos
Æternet? ô, quâ Sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime principum,
Quem legis expertes Latinæ
Vindelici didicêre nuper
Quid Marte possis. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Brennósque veloces, & arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.
Major Neronum mox grave prælium
Commisit, immanesque Rhætos
Auspic is pepulit secundis:

And me did from my ſelfe divert;
Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
For pleaſing beawty, and ſweet Grace,
Diſcovered in a lovely Face.
But Fates to *Cynaras* did ow
Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crow,
They here ſurviving longer hold,
That youth enflamed may behold,
Not without laughter, and much ſcorne,
A burning Torch to Aſhes worne.

Ode XIV.

To Augustus.

Honours cannot be given to Auguſtus *by the Senate, and people of Rome, which may be equivalent to his vertues.*

WHat care of Senators, or Roman ſtate
May with full honour's meed perpetuate
Thee (*Ceſar*) grav'd on Statues, or comprize
Thy vertues in Rome's annuall memories?
(O thou of Princes mightieſt) where his rayes,
The Sun o're habitable Climes diſplaies;
Who Vandalls, ignorant of Latian rites,
Haſt (lately) taught thy worth in martiall fights:
For *Draſus* with thy Souldiers hath ſubdu'de,
Swift-footed Brennians, and Genaunians rude:
Yea Forts on Alpine mountaines dreadfull growne,
Hath more than once (victorious) overthrowne.
Then, did the elder *Nero* battell wage,
And with ſucceſſe repell the Rhetian's rage.
Admir'd in fight by all, what ſlaughters he
Made, where they vow'd to die for liberty.

Spectandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora libera
Quantis fatigaret ruinis.
Indomitas propè qualis undas
Exercet Auster, Pleiadum choro
Scindente nubes: impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, & frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli:
Quum sævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris:
Vt barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu:
Primósque & extremos metendo,
Stravit humum, sine cladevictor:
Te copiis, te consilium, & tuos
Præbente divos. Nam tibi, quo die
Portus Alexandreæ supplex
Et vacuam patefecit aulam,
Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
Laudémque & optatum peractis
Imperiis decus arrogavit.
Te Cantaber non antè domabilis,
Medúsque, & Indus, te profugus Scythes
Miratur ô tutela præsens
Italiæ, dominæque Romæ:
Te, fontium qui celat origines
Nilúsque, & Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
Te belluosus qui remotis
Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis,
Te, non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis.

As when Southwinds on ſurly billowes ride,
Whilſt ſhowry Plëiades the clouds divide.
He breaking hoſtile ſquadrons, with full ſpeed
Ruſh'd th'rough the thickeſt Troupes with fiery ſteed:
Or as by-forked Aufidus, amaine
Runs bellowing forth along th'Aplian plaine,
When he with rage, and ſwelling flouds abounds
Threatning a deluge to the tilled grounds:
On, *Claudius* with vaſt force impetuous goes,
Beating downe armed rankes of barb'rous foes;
And with them all cut off, the Earth he ſtrewes,
Yet (victor) his whole Hoſt in ſafety viewes;
Thou force ſupplying, Counſells to direct,
And the Gods made propitious, to protect.
For on the day, when *Alexandria*'s Port
To thee did ſuppliant yeeld, with th'empty Court,
Fortune, that day, three luſtres fully ſpent,
Gave to thy crowned battells good event,
Acquit'd thee praiſe, and wiſhed honour wonne,
Thoſe Martiall feates of warfare being done.
Cantabrians, which before yoke neuer knew,
The Indian, Mede, and wandring Scythian crew
With admiration ſtruck doe gaze on thee
(The preſent weale of Rome, and Italy:)
Ægyptian Nilus, taught, his ſource to hide,
Iſter, and Tygris ſtreames that ſwiftly glide,
The Monſter-breeding Ocean, who doth rore,
To the farre diſtant bankes o'th Britiſh ſhore,
The Gaules, who feare not death; yea barren land
Of ſtout Iberian clime, ſerve thy Command:
Sicambrians, vow'd in ſlaughter to delight,
Lay weapons downe, Adore, and will not fight.

Ode

Ode XV.

Augusti Laudes.

Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui,
Victas & urbes, increpuit, lyra:
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua Cæsar ætas
Fruges & agris rettulit uberes:
Et signa nostro restituit Iovi,
Direpta Parthorum superbis
Postibus: & vacuum duellis
Ianum Quirini clausit: & ordinem
Rectum, & vaganti frœna licentiæ
Injecit: emovitque culpas:
Et veteres revocavit artes,
Per quas Latinum nomen, & Italæ
Crevere vires, famáque & imperi
Porrecta majestas ad ortum
Solis, ab Hesperio cubili.
Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis exiget otium:
Non ira quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes:
Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Italia: non Getæ,
Non Seres, infidive Perse,
Non Tanaim propè flumen orti.
Nós que & profestis lucibus & sacris,
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
Cum prole, matronísque nostris,
Rite deos prius apprecati,
Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
Lydis remisto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque & Anchisen, & almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.

Odarum Finis.

Ode XV.

The praises of Augustus.

MY Muse by *Phœbus* was rebuk'd of late
For singing warres, and vanquish'd Cities Fate:
Like those who in the Tyrrhen Ocean's rage,
Doe little Sayles advance. (*Cæsar*) thy Age
Affordeth plenteous fruits, unto the fields,
And to *Iove's* Capitoll our Enfignes yeelds
From Parthian Pillers snatch'd and after jarres
Hath closed *Ianus* Temple, free from warres.
Confusion hath with order rectifi'd,
And wand'ring Liberty, with fetters ty'd,
Hath antique Arts recall'd: By which tis knowne
Hesperia's strength, and Latine name hath growne;
Imperiall pompe hath spread, and glory wonne,
Stretch'd from the rising to the setting Sun,
While *Cæsar* is our Guardian, civill warre,
Nor violence, our peacefull rest shall marre:
Not Anger which swords sharp'neth, and confounds
Cities, unhappy made with mutuall wounds:
Not they for thirst, that drinke in Ister deepe
Shall once refuse the Italian lawes to keepe:
Not Seres, faithlesse Persians, nor the Getes,
Nor those, who neere to Tanaïs have their seats.
And we on Holy Eeves, and holy Dayes,
Amongst free Cups, to merry *Bacchus* praise;
With wife, and children, standing in our sight,
(First Gods invoking with religious Rite)
Will gladly (as our Grandsires did) rehearse,
(And tuning Lydian pipe to various verse)
Heroicke Captaines, Troy, *Anchises* gone,
And brave *Æneas*, *Cytheræa's* sonne.

The end of the Odes.

EPODON LIBER.

EPOD I.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

Horatius ibit cum Mæcenate proficiscente ad bellum Actiacum contra Antonium.

Ibis Liburnis inter alta nauium
Amice, propugnacula:
Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.
Quid nos? quibus te vita sit superstite
Iucunda: si contrà, gravis:
Vtrúmne iussi persequemur otium,
Non dulce ni tecum simul?
An hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
Qua ferre non molles viros?
Feremus: & te vel per Alpium iuga,
Inhospitalem & Caucasum,
Vel occidentis usque ad vltimum sinum,
Forti sequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid iuvem meo,
Imbellis, ac firmus parum?

BOOK

BOOK OF EPODS.

EPOD I.

To MÆCENAS.

Horace *will travell with* Mæcenas *going to the Actiack warres, against* M. ANTHONY.

THou (friend) 'mongſt lofty Ships wilt goe,
In ſlender veſſell builded low,
And doſt (*Mæcenas*) much incline,
To make great *Cæſar's* perills thine.
What ſhall we doe? My life is bleſt,
If thou ſurvive; If not, diſtreſt.
Shall we (commanded) idle be?
Repoſe is Toyle, if not with thee.
Or ſhall w'embrace theſe paines, like thoſe
Who ſeeke not after ſoft repoſe?
We will; And o're the Alpes aſcent
And Caucaſus, which none frequent;
Yea to the utmoſt weſterne parts
Will follow thee, with conſtant hearts.
You'l ſay; By thee what helpe is gain'd,
Weake, and in Martiall feates untrain'd?

Comes minore sum futurus in metu,
Qui major absentes habet:
Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis,
Serpentium allapsus timet
Magis relictis: non, ut adsit, auxili
Latura plus præsentibus.
Libenter hoc & omne militabitur
Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ:
Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur meis:
Pecusve Calabris ante sydus fervidum,
Lucana mutet pascua:
Nec ut superni villa candens Tusculi
Circæa tangat mœnia.
Satis superque me benignitas tua
Ditavit. Haud paravero
Quod aut, avarus ut Chremes, terram premam:
Discinctus aut perdam ut nepos.

Epod II.

Vitæ rusticæ laudes.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
(Ut prisca gens mortalium)
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore:
Neque excitatur classicis miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare.
Forumque vitat, & superba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos:
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inserit:

" In Company, Feares little seeme,
Which we in absence great esteeme.
Ev'n as the Bird, that sits upon
Her naked brood, when she is gone,
Of Serpent's sting is more affraid,
Though wholly helplesse had she stayd.
This warfare will I undertake;
Or any other, for thy sake.
Not, that my Oxen may abound
With many ploughes to till the ground:
Or Beasts to Lucan meadowes sent,
Calabrian fervors may prevent:
Nor Tusculum my pleasant Grange,
Neere the Circæan walls may range.
Thy favor me enough hath stoar'd,
Which I, as *Chremes* will not hoard
Within the Earth, nor ever shall
Spend, like a wastfull prodigall.

Epod II.

The praise of the Countrey life.

HE happy is, who farre from busie toyle
(As elder Ages) tills the soyle
His father left, with his owne Cattell, free
From heart-enthralling usury.
He, is not mov'd, when warlike drums doe beat,
Nor feares the angry Ocean's threat.
He pleas, and suits abhorrs, and doth refuse
The grace of mighty men to use.
But either doth to tallest Poplar twine
The tender off-springs of the vine.
And lopping Branches off, which useleſſe were,
Graft those which better fruit may beare,

Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges:
Aut puris mella condit amphoris:
Aut tondet infirmas oves:
Vel, quum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit,
Vt gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem & uvam purpurae?
Qua muneretur te Priape, & te pater
Sylvane, tutor finium.
Libet jacere, modò sub antiqua ilice,
Modò in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquae:
Queruntur in sylvis aves:
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At quum tonantis annus hybernus Iovis
Imbres nivesque comparat:
Aut trudit acres hinc & hinc multa cane
Apros in obstantes plagas:
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdis edacibus dolos:
Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
Iucunda captat praemia.
Quis non malarum quas amor curas habet,
Haec inter obliviscitur?
Quòd si pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum atque dulces liberos:
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetustis extrahat lignis focum,
Lassi sub adventum viri:
Claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus,
Distenta siccet ubera:
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet:

Or vieweth in some winding valley's maze,
His wandring heards of Cattell graze.
Or, doth pres'd honey in pure vessells keepe,
Or sheare his wooll-o'reburdned sheepe.
But when with mellow fruit ripe Autumne crown'd,
His head upreareth from the ground;
How he to taste the grafted Peare delights,
And Grape, that with the Purple fights,
Which to *Priapus* as a gift redounds,
Or old *Silvanus*, God of Bounds.
Now under aged Okes he houres doth passe,
And now reposeth on the grasse.
While from high bankes swift trembling waters gutte,
And Birds their warbling notes divide,
Small streames on purling pibbles murmur keepe,
To summon soft and gentle sleepe.
But when lowd *Jove* doth winter's season send,
And makes sharpe showers, and showes descend,
He, or the hardy Bore from place to place
With fleet hounds into Toyles doth chace,
Or, with light sticks doth slender nets display,
Devouring Thrushes to betray:
Or els the fearefull Hare, and forraigne Crane,
(His sports glad spoyles) in grins are ta'ne.
Ah! who in thought, 'mongst such delights retaynes
Least sense, of love's perplexing paines?
But if (in part) a modest wife direct
The house, and children deare affect,
As Sabine earst, or swift *Apulian's* dame
Scorch'd with the rayes of *Phebus* flame,
Makes sacred fires with old dry wood to burne,
'Gainst weary husband's wish'd returne:
And folding gladsome flocks in woven grates,
Dryes up their dugges, which milke dilates;
Then broaching new wines kept in vessels faire,
An (unbought) Supper doth prepare:

Non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hyems ad hoc vertat mare:
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Iucundior, quàm lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum:
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, & gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori:
Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
Vel hædus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut iuvet pastas oves
Videre properantes domum?
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido,
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes Lares!
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Iamiam futurus rusticus,
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam:
Quærit Calendis ponere.

EPODVS VII.

Ad Populum Romanum.

Execratio belli civilis gesti hinc Bruto & Cassio, illinc Octaviano, M. Antonio, & M. Lepido Coss.

QVò quò scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
Fusum est Latini sanguinis?

The Lucrine Oyster nor the Guilt-head bright,
Nor Turbot, more my taste delight,
If winter, when lowd Easterne tempests rore,
Drive such upon our Tirrhene shore:
Th'Ionian Partrich, nor the Affrick bird,
Such palate-pleasing taste affoord,
As when I am with th'unctuous Olive fed,
From fruitfull branches gathered,
Or when I meadow-loving sorrell get,
And the health-giving mallow eat:
A lambe on *Terminus* his feast that dies,
Or Kid redeem'd, from wolfe's surprize.
Among these dainties what content it yeelds,
To see the fed-flocks leave the fields:
To see the weary Ox with neck worne bare,
Dragging the turned plough, and share:
And toiling hindes (the plenteous houshold swarme)
'Bout shining Lars to sit, and warme.
This said, rich *Alphius*, who money lends
To lead a Countrey life intends;
And in the Ides his debts call'd in amaine,
But in the Calends lent againe.

EPOD. VII.

To the people of Rome

An execration of the Civill warre, raised on the one side by Brutus, *and* Cassius; *on the other, by* Octavian, M. Anthony, *and* Lepidus *the Roman Consulls.*

AH wretches, whither haste you? To what end,
Do your right hands, to sheathed swords descend?
Is there so little, yet, of Latine blood
Powr'd on the Champaine fields, or Ocean flood?

Non, ut superbas invidae Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret:
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus via.
Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, sua
Vrbs haec periret dextera.
Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
Vnquam, nisi in dispar, feris.
Furorne caecus, an rapit vis acrior?
An culpa? responsum date.
Tacent: & ora pallor albus inficit:
Mentesque perculsae stupent.
Sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt,
Scelusque fraterne necis:
Vt immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

Epod IX.

Ad Mæcenatem.

Præsentit voluptatem, quam percipiet ex Augusti victoria adversus Antonium & Cleopatram.

Qvando repostum Caecubum ad festas dapes
Victore laetus Caesare,
Tecum sub alta (sic Iovi gratum) domo
Beate Maecenas bibam,
Sonante mistum tibiis carmen lyrae
Hac Dorium, illis Barbarum?
Vt nuper, actis cum freto Neptunius
Dux fugit ustis navibus,
Minatus urbi vincla, quae detraxerat
Servis amicis perfidis.

Not that the Roman should with flames abate,
The towers of Carthage, envious of our state;
Or Britton might (unconquered to this day)
Be taught, in chaines to tread the sacred way;
But, that, which with the Parthians wish would stand,
This Citie might be raz'd by civill hand.
'Mongst wolves, and Lions this we never find,
But beastes produced of a diff'rent kind.
Doth Fury blind? Or greater power command?
Is sin the cause? Oh let me understand.
They silent are: Their cheekes are paler made,
And feares their horror-strucken mindes invade.
Tis so: sterne Fates doe Rome with fury staine,
And Tyrannous offence of brother slaine.
Which on ensuing Ages laid the guilt,
Since *Remus* harmelesse bloud on th'earth was spilt.

Epod IX.

To Mæcenas.

He before hand feeles the contentment he shall take from Augustus *his victory against* M. Anthony, *and* Cleopatra.

* When shall I Cæcube wines, that stored lie
For Banquets; Glad at *Cæsar's* victory
(So *Iove* will haue it) in thy stately house,
With thee (my deare *Mæcenas*) free carouse?
Resounding notes that mingle Flutes with Lyre;
This, Dorique, speaking Ioy; That, Phrygian, Ire:
As when Neptunian *Pompey* droven, fled
Thorough straightned seas, with navy ruined,
Who Rome had threatned with those chaynes, which he
Had ta'ne from treacherous Servitors, made free.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis)
Emancipatus feminæ,
Fert vallum & arma miles, & spadonibus
Servire rugosis potest:
Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspicit conopeum.
Ad hunc frementes verterunt bis mille equos
Galli canentes Cæsarem,
Hostiliumque navium portu latent
Puppes sinistrorsum citæ.
Io triumphe, tu moraris aureas
Currus, & intactas boves.
Io triumphe, nec Jugurthino parem:
Bello reportasti ducem,
Neque Africano, cui super Carthaginem
Virtus sepulchrum condidit.
Terra marique victus hostis, Punica
Lugubre mutavit sagum:
Aut ille, centum nobilem Cretam urbibus,
Ventis iturus non suis,
Exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto:
Aut fertur incerto mari.
Capaciores affer huc puer scyphos,
Et Chia vina, aut Lesbia:
Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
Metire nobis Cæcubum.
Curam metumque Cæsaris rerum juvat
Dulci Lyæo solvere.

The Roman Souldier by a woman ty'de
In slavish bands (Ah this will be deny'de
By after times) lugges Armes, Earth, stakes, and Tent,
Striving her with'red Eunuches to contene;
And *Phœbus* 'mongst their Ensignes doth espy,
Her net-like, and Lascivious Canopy.
But the bold French proclaiming *Cæsar's* name,
Thence with two thousand horse straight hither came;
And the swift Prowes of hostile vessels ly
Turn'd to the left hand, ready set to fly.
O gladsome Triumph! Thou retard'st the drift
Of golden chariot, and young Heylers gift:
O gladsome Triumph! From Iugurthian warre,
Thou brought'st no Captaine might with This compare,
Nor Affrican, whose noble valour's praise,
Did lasting monuments or'e Carthage raise.
The fo, by Sea, and land, now, vanquish'd feares,
And a black Cassock for a purple weares;
Not knowing whither adverse windes will cast
Him, on rich Creet with hundred Cities grac'd,
Or on the quick-sands with South-billow tos'd,
Or the wide Maine in danger to be lost.
(Boy) Cups bring hither for a larger draught;
Let Chian, or the Lesbian grape be sought:
Or fill Cæcubian wines without delay,
Which may a queazie lothing drive away.
The care, and feare of *Cæsars* happy state,
Let us with merry *Bacchus* dissipate.

Epod XIII.

Ad amicos comicos, ut hyemem hilariter traducant.

Horrida tempestas cælum contraxit, & imbres
Nivesque deducunt Iovem. Nunc mare, nunc silvæ
Threicio Aquilone sonant. Rapiamus amici
Occasionem de die, dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obductæ solvatur fronte senectus.
Tu vina Torquato move Consule prælo avo,
Cætera mitte loqui. Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc & Achæmenio
Perfundi nardo juvat, & fide Cyllenea
Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus,
Nobilis ut grandi cecinit centaurus alumno:
Invicte mortalis, dea nate puer Thetide,
Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
Findunt Scamandri flumina, lubricus & Simois.
Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcæ
Rupere nec mater domum Carpathia te revehet.
Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis ægritudinis & curarum aloë.

Epod

Epod XIII.

To his merry friends, that they should passe the winter pleasantly.

Rough tempests have the brow of Heaven bent,
And showers, & snowes cause thickned air's descent:
Now Thracian North-windes, Seas, and woods affray;
Friends, let us take occasion from the Day;
While strength is fresh, and us it well becomes,
Let's Old Age banish, which the brow benums.
Boy, see you broach those elder wines were prest,
When *Torquat* first the Consull-ship possest.
Speake not of other things. God will (perchance)
Them to their seat, with happy change advance.
Let us in Persian unguents, now, delight;
And with Cylenian Harp put cares to flight.
As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* sang.
" Unvanquish'd Mortall, that from *Thetis* sprang,
" Troy thee expects; which Simois rowling Tide,
" And small Scamander's colder streames divide,
" Whence thou no more (The sisters so ordaine)
" With thy blew Mother shalt returne againe.
" All Sorrow there, with wine, and Song depresse,
" (Sweet Comforts of deformed heavinesse.)

EPOD XVI.

Ad Populum Rom.

Commiseratio est Reipub. propter civilia bella.

ALtera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox,
Nec fera cærulea domuit Germania pube,
Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal,
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas:
Feriisque rursus occupabitur solum.
Barbarus heu cineres insistet victor, & urbem
Eques sonante verberabit ungula:
Quæque carent ventis & solibus ossa Quirini,
(Nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.
Forte, quid expediat, communiter, aut melior pars,
Malis carere quæritis laboribus.
Nulla sit hac potior sententia: Phocæorum
Velut profugit execrata civitas,
Agros atque lares proprios, habitandaque fana
Apris reliquit & rapacibus lupis:
Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
Sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? secunda
Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
Sed juremus in hæc: simul imis saxa renarint
Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas:

Epod XVI.

To the people of Rome.

The Compassion of the Common wealth upon the occasion of civill warres.

* ANother Age is spent in Civill broils,
And Rome it selfe by her owne forces falls?
What neither border'ing Marsians could annoy,
Nor bold *Porsenna's* Tuscian armes destroy,
The emulous Capua, fierce Spartacus,
Nor Savoy, faithlesse to seditious,
We wicked off-spring of a bloudy race,
Shall make for Beasts, againe, a dwelling place.
The victor rude shall tread upon our Toumbe,
And horse with trampling foote corvet o're Rome?
The bones of *Romulus*, from Sun, or blast
Preserv'd (Aye me) he, proud, abroad shall cast.
Perhaps you all, or the most part's employ'd,
Seeking how best you may these broyles anoyd.
Be none by other resolution led,
But as *Phocæans* from curs'd Cirie fled;
Left fields, their houshold Gods, and holy Cell,
That Bores, and ravenous wolves therein might dwell,
Let's goe, where feet, the South, or bosterous North,
Shall this, or any way invite us forth.
D'yee like this Counsell, or give better? why
Forth with embarque we not auspiciously.
But first let's sweare, when stones shall swim above
From deepe Seas rais'd, w'eel back to Rome remove,
And with a home-ward wind our turn'd sayles fill,
When Po shall wash the Tops of Macine hill;

Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina:
In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus:
Nováque monstra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor: juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
Adulteretur & columba milvio:
Credula nec flavos timeant armenta leones:
Amétque salsa lævis hircus æquora.
Hæc, & quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
Eamus omnes exsecrata civitas:
Aut pars indocili melior grege. Mollis & exspes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.
Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca præter & volate littora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites & insulas:
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret usque vinea:
Germinat & nunquam fallentis termes olivæ,
Suámque pulla ficus ornat arborem:
Mella cava manant ex ilice: montibus altis
Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ:
Referúntque tenta grex amicum ubera:
Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
Nec intumescit alta viperis humus:
Pluráque fœlices mirabimur: ut neque largis
Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
Pinguia nec siccus urantur semina glebæ:
Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.
Non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem:
Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,
Laboriosa nec cohors Ulyssei.
Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
Gregem æstus unquam torret impotentia.

Or the Sea swallow lofty Appenine,
And strange effects of love new Monsters joyne;
That Tygers may from Hindes seeke lust's delight,
And the mecke Dove be trodden by the Kight.
When flocks the Lions friendship enter aine,
And wanton Gote affects the brackish maine:
This, and what e're may hinder our returne,
Be it by all inviolably sworne,
At least the wiser, whilst the faint, and dull,
May on disastrous pillowes sleepe their full.
(You nobler Spirits) hence with womens Teares,
Sayle from Etruscan confines, free from feares.
The Earth encircling Ocean us invites,
Rich Ilands, Fields, Fields bless'd with all delights:
Where Lands untill'd are yearely fruitfull seene,
And the unpruned Vine perpetuall greene:
Still, Olives by the faithfull Branch are borne,
And mellow Figs their native Tree adorne;
Honey from Holme distills, the gentle Fountaines,
Descend with purling noise from lofty Mountaines.
There, milchy Gotes come freely to the Paile,
Nor doe glad flocks with duggs distended faile:
The nightly Beare roares not about the fold,
Nor hollow Earth doth poysonous vipers hold.
Add to this happinesse; The humid East,
Doth not with frequent showers the fields infest:
Nor the fat seeds are parch'd in barren land,
The heav'nly powers, both, temp'ring with command.
No Barke came hither with Argoan oare,
Nor landed wanton *Colchis* on this shore:
Cadmus with filled sailes turn'd not this way,
Nor painfull Troupe that with *Vlysses* stray.
Heere amongst Cattell no Contagions are,
Nor feele Flocks drowthy power of any starre.
When brasse did on the goiden Age intrude,
Iove for the pious did this place seclude:

Iupiter illa pia fecrevit littora genti,
Vt inquinavit ære tempus aureum:
Ære, dehinc ferro duravit sæcula: quorum
Piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

Carmen sæculare pro Imperii Romani incolumitate.

PHœbe, sylvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, ô colendi
Semper, & culti, date quæ precamur
Tempore sacro:

Quo Sibyllini monuere versus,
Virgines lectas, puerosque castos,
Diis, quibus septem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis & celas, aliusque & idem
Nascerus: possis nihil urbe Roma
Visere maius.

Rite maturos aperire partus
Lenis Ilithija, tuere matres:
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu genitalis.

Diva, producas sobolem: patrumque
Prosperes decreta super jugandis
Fœminis, prolisque novæ feraci
Lege marita:

Certus ut denos decies per annos
Orbis & cantus referatque ludos,

Laſtly

Laſtly from Braſſe, the Age was Iron made,
To'th good of which, I timely flight perſwade.

Verſes ſung in the Sæcular *games every Century of yeares, pronounced for the ſafety of the Roman Empire.*

PHœbus, and *Dian*, Grovie Queene
Heav'ns ornaments; as you haue beene,
Still be you honour'd, ever bleſt:
Grant what we aske on holy Feaſt.

In which *Sybilla's* verſes teach,
Chaſte maids, and youths not ſtain'd with breach,
Unto thoſe Gods ſongs to recite,
Who on the ſeav'n-fold hills delight.

(Faire *Sol*,) who in thy chariot bright,
Doſt call forth *day*, and ſhut'ſt up *Night*;
And other, and the ſame doſt come,
Nought greater maiſt thou ſee than Rome.

(*Ilythia*) open wombes (we crave)
For ripened Births, and Mothers ſave;
Whether we thee *Lucina* call,
or *Cynthia*, which produceth all.

(Goddeſſe) bring children forth, and bleſſe
Senate's decrees, give good ſucceſſe
To nuptiall lawes, that thoſe who wed,
May haue a fruitfull marriage-bed.

That ten-times-ten full Orbes mature,
May us to Songs, and ſports enure:

Ter die claro, totiſque gratæ
Nocte frequentes.

Vóſque veraces cecinisse Parcæ,
Quod ſemel dictum eſt, ſtabilisque rerum
Terminus ſervet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.

Fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus
Spicea donet Cererem corona:
Nutriant fœtus & aquæ ſalubres,
Et Jovis auræ.

Condito mitis placidúſque telo
Supplices audi pueros Apollo;
Syderum regina bicornis audi
Luna puellas:

Roma ſi veſtrum eſt opus, Iliæque
Littus Etruſcum tenuere turmæ,
Iuſſa pars mutare lares & urbem
Soſpite curſu:

Cui per ardentem ſine fraude Trojam,
Caſtus Æneas patriæ ſuperſtes
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis:

Dii probos mores docili juventæ,
Dii ſenectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque prolemque
Et decus omne.

Quique vos bobus venerator albis
Clarus Anchiſæ Veneriſque ſanguis,
Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem.

Thrice

Thrice in the ſplendor of day light,
And thrice in ſhades of welcome night.

And you truth-telling Fates, to paſt
Ioyne future fortunes, that may laſt:
That ſtable limits may encloſe,
What once to mortalls you propoſe:

That cattell may, and Corne abound,
Wherewith faire *Ceres* ſhall be crown'd:
And wholeſome ſtreames, with aire as pure,
May nutriment to plants aſſure.

Ah *Phebus* mild withdraw thy dart,
To ſuppliant youthes thy grace impart:
And Queene of ſtarres, who doſt appeare
By-forked (Luna) Virgins heare.

If Rome a worke be of your ſtore,
And Trojan troupes held Tybers ſhore;
A patt enjoyn'd their ſeat to change,
And with ſucceſſe from home to range:

For whom ſecure th'row Troy on Fire
Æneas chaſte in ſafe retire,
Free paſſage op'ned, and gave more
To them, than they poſſeſs'd before.

O Gods to youth grant manners ſage,
Gods give repoſe to quiet Age;
And unto *Romulus* his blood,
Wealth, Iſſue, Honour, all that's good.

Let *Venus*, and *Anchiſes* ſtrayne,
Who give yee Oxen free from ſtayne,
In warres atchievements beare the prize,
And courteous be to Enemies.

Iam mari terráque manus potentes
Medus Albanásque timet secures:
Iam Scythæ responsa petunt, superbi
Nuper, & Indi:

Iam fides, & pax, & honor, pudorque
Priscus, & neglecta redire virtus
Audet: apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

Augur & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptúsque novem Camenis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus:

Si Palatinas videt æquus aræes,
Rémque Romanam, Latiúmque felix,
Alterum in lustrum meliúsque semper
Proroget ævum.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidúmque
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet, & votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures.

Hæc Iovem sentire deósque cunctos,
Spem bonam certámque domum reporto,
Doctus & Phœbi chorus & Dianæ
Dicere laudes.

FINIS.

The Median now by Sea, and land,
Feares Romane power, and conquering hand:
The Scithians now our friend-ship craue,
And haughty Indians truce would haue.

Now Faith, Peace, Honour, modeſt looke,
And vertue ſcorned, which forſooke
Our Citie, dares returne againe,
And bleſſed Plenty freely raigne.

(*Phœbus*) with radiant bow, divine,
Gracious among the Muſes nine;
Who doth with heav'n-inſpired Art,
To crazy bodies health impart;

If he mount Palatine doe grace,
The weale of Rome, and Latian race,
To farther times, and better end,
May he theſe Centuries extend.

And *Dian* who holds Aventine,
And *Algidus*, may ſhe encline
To prayers of Fifteene Men, and heare
Our childrens vowes with friendly eare;

Then I, and all well skil'd in Layes,
Phœbus, and *Dian's* name to praiſe,
Goe home, with certaine hope, that *Iove*,
And all the Gods theſe things approve.

FINIS.

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Thomas Weekes R.P.D. Ep. Lon. à Sacris.